



*Dedicated to the festive five years of college  
To the banquet of batch events  
To the challenging postings and recalcitrant patient quotas  
To the brilliant memories that we'll always cherish  
To the highs and lows of student life  
To a life, as carnivalesque as it gets*





# Carnivalia

*A carnival brings with it confetti and cotton candy,  
parades and psychics, jesters and seers, rides and joys,  
sparkle and smoke, a lifted spirit and good cheer.  
It beckons us, giving us an excuse to celebrate.  
The lives that we live with it's highs and lows, it's memories and illusions,  
it's brilliant moments and grim instants are  
not very different from a bustling carnival.  
At times, we enjoy the view from the Ferris wheel and at others,  
we go through the highs and lows of the Carousel of fate.  
We celebrate and we collect memories.  
Indeed, this world is a ticket to  
'The Greatest Show on Earth' - the Carnival of Life.*

*"Saunter down the boulevard of life,  
Venture through mirth and strife,  
Through bright lights, hazy smoke and serpentine streets,  
In a carnival of sights to see."*

*Proudly presenting before you, Carnivalia 2017.*







*Ferris wheel*

*Mirror Maze*

*The Gateway*

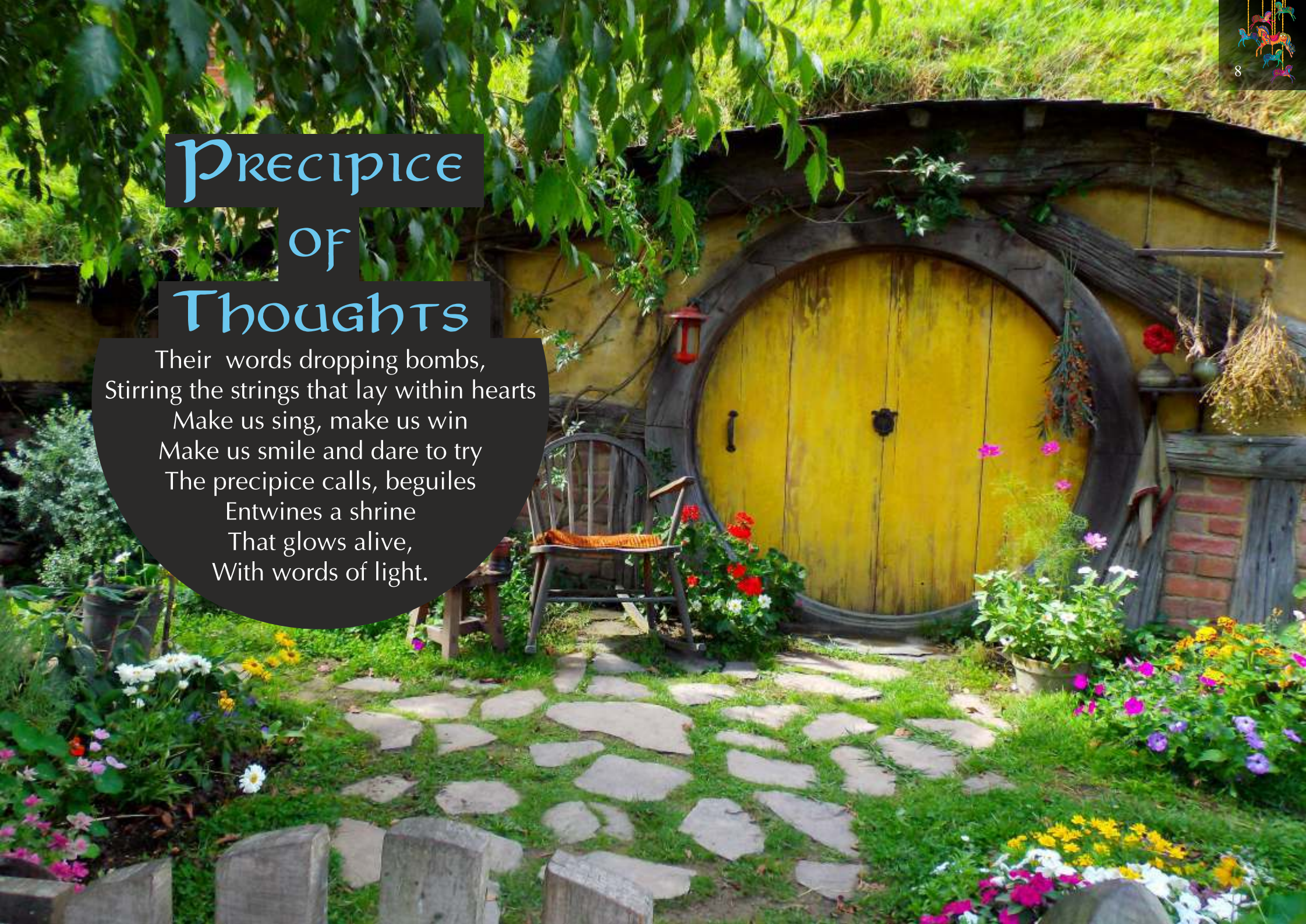
*Tilt-a-Whirl*

*Souvenir Stop*

*Carousel*

*Fortune Tellers Tent*



A hobbit house with a large round yellow door, a stone path, and a garden. The house is built into a hillside, with a grassy roof. A large tree with green leaves is on the left. A stone path leads to the door. There are flowers and a chair in the garden. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

# Precipice of Thoughts

Their words dropping bombs,  
Stirring the strings that lay within hearts  
Make us sing, make us win  
Make us smile and dare to try  
The precipice calls, beguiles  
Entwines a shrine  
That glows alive,  
With words of light.





Dr. Ramdas M Pai  
Chancellor  
Manipal University

An educational institution provides the platform for its students to have free interaction and exchange of views and thoughts among themselves which greatly help in shaping their personality and facilitate the process of their creative and critical thinking through co-curricular and extra-curricular activities. The institutional magazine is a fine medium to showcase their accomplishments to take them to be good professionals. The students of Manipal College of Dental Sciences, Mangaluru have a great opportunity to achieve their goal and I wish them a bright future.



Dr. V. Surendra Shetty  
Pro Vice Chancellor  
Manipal University  
Mangaluru Campus

It is always a pleasure to leaf through a college magazine. Creativity and multi-tasking are essential to bring out a quality magazine on time.

The college magazine is an important media that provides a platform for publication of literacy and photographic talents, art and academic snippets.

I congratulate the editorial board of MCODS, Mangaluru on their achievement in this venture.

I am sure this magazine is going to be a useful memento to be preserved for ever for the sweet memories of the College. I wish the staff and students of the College all success and happiness.



Dr. H.S. Ballal  
Pro-Chancellor  
Manipal University

At a time when science and technology are fast developing, it is of paramount importance that students in colleges make the best use of the opportunities made available to them to gain new knowledge and equip themselves well to excel in their respective professional life. College magazine is the right medium to project the academic and extra-curricular attainments of the students and I am sure this College Magazine will very well serve this purpose. I wish the students and the institution a bright future.



Narayan Sabhahit,  
Registrar  
Manipal University

Manipal College of Dental Sciences (MCODS) Mangalore is emerged as one of the best dental schools in the country in recent years. Its elevation is due to the able administration of the top leaders, dedicated faculties, committed supporting staffs and above all enthusiastic bright students. I am very happy that the students of MCODS Mangalore are releasing students' e-magazine "Carnivalia – 2017". This is an occasion for students and staffs to exhibit their talents in creative arts and writing skills. I am sure this magazine will capture the mood and essence of MCODS Mangalore. I appreciate the editorial team of "Carnivalia – 2017" for putting their whole hearted effort to come out with a colourful magazine. I wish team MCODS Mangalore a great success in their future endeavour.



# A Dialogue with the Dean

## ***How has been your experience as the Dean of MCODS Mangalore?***

Dr. Surendra Shetty, Dr. Mohan Baliga and myself were the founder staff members of this college. I had a stint of 8 years abroad and then I came back. Dr. Surendra Shetty who was the Dean here for 25 years had set high standards. I had been his understudy from 2000 onwards. So practically, I was in the administration from that time and I would say I was groomed for that, so, it was a smooth transition. He's still here as the Pro-Vice Chancellor. Though the roles have shifted, we still work as a team - the three of us. It has been a very nice experience here, the college has grown. Things are moving ahead now. We were the first to put the Cone Beam CT in our college, even ahead of Manipal. We started a certificate courses on CBCT, and Restorative dentistry. We have international tie-ups now with students from our college going to US,

Malaysia and even Europe. We conducted the first UG research conference. Earlier we used to be clubbed with Manipal but now we've been recognized individually as MCODS, Mangalore. We've been listed in the top 15 colleges of India as our own.

## ***How do you think your tenure as the Dean of MCODS, Mangalore has changed you, personally and professionally, Sir?***

I've become more patient now. I used to be in one department, but now I have to deal with so many people. The University officials, the students, the faculty, the supporting staff and not in the least, the regulatory bodies-UGC, NAAC etc. Personally, I felt now I know what multitasking is. I used to speak a lot about multitasking. I used to tell students you should study, and do this and all that, but now I have to walk the talk.

## ***What has been your greatest accomplishment in life?***

When our college came in the top 15 in the country and we were recognized individually. Also the international tie-ups we have managed to start. We never expected a person from the University of Iowa to come here as a part of Student-Exchange programs. And now we are working with many other Universities in UK, US and other countries. So international exposure to our students, is one of my greatest accomplishments.

## ***Many students are showing an increased interest in doing MDS abroad. Why do you think that is?***

This has got two dimensions to it. One, MDS seats are less here and even after that, there are no takers except for a few subjects. I feel, maybe the standard here has diluted over a period of time. And there they're looking for greener pastures. I don't think once they do Masters abroad, they have any plan of returning. And it is not a bad idea to go where there are more opportunities and a better life. It is finally their choice. Once you can afford, you should try for the best in any field.

## ***Would doing an MDS abroad have a higher value than doing an MDS in India?***

I think the MDS and the MS there and here are good equivalents as long as you do it from a good college, and a good department. Consider our college, some departments are the first choice in the country. Masters for the sake of Masters is not a good thing. There has to be quality teaching, hands on experience. If you're doing PG in a good college, then there's nothing like it.

## ***On a lighter note, what do you like to do in your spare time?***

I'm a couch-potato. I like to watch The Kapil Sharma Show day-in and day-out.

## ***We know that you're a pretty big fan of movies, what would you say are your top three films of all time?***

One is Pushpak, I don't know whether you've heard of it. Latest one I liked was Hera Pheri... I like comedy movies. And Anand...I'm a big fan of Rajesh Khanna!







***Tell us something about your experience, the first day of teaching.***

First day I taught was in Mangalore itself. It was very pleasant. I was a young lecturer, full of energy. And there was nobody in the department, I was the one and only. So I don't know if what I did was right or wrong. But I felt good, and they enjoyed my lecture. Some of my first batch of students are still here, in fact.

***In this year's dental week when you took to the stage as "the Don of MCODS", there was overwhelming response from the audience. How was your experience?***

Great. Of course, everybody had to clap for me. I'm the Dean after all. But I liked it. I really liked to be with my students.

***Any plans next year?***

(Laughs) No, no plans yet. The people who were the Event Managers – it's really up to them, if they ask me to be a part of it, I'll oblige!

***If you had a magic lamp granting you three wishes, what would they be?***

I would not do dentistry. I would have been a chartered accountant. I would have been in a metropolitan city. And I would've been a venture capitalist. I would've made a lot of money and given others to work.

***Future vision for our college.***

I see our college in the top 5 in India. That is my vision for MCODS. And it should be having connections with all top-tier international Universities where our students can do their externship. And they also come here, and faculty-exchanges happen. We must also prioritize getting high-tech Equipment. Because dentistry is not all about patients and skills. It's also about the equipment. It's an art and science. So whatever top notch equipment is out there, we should be able to get it. We got CBCT 3D now, so our research facilities have been given a major boost. When you work on something, you simply have to work on the latest.

***There's talk of a new department. Anything you can tell us about it?***

Dr. Mohan Baliga, Dr. Sudhakar Bhatt and I were trained abroad. And after

that we started for Implantology center in Manipal in the year 2000. For five years we'd been managing that. Then Manipal took over, of course there were people from there also. And they're running the certificate course. So we would not like to run something parallel.

Our college is the only one, where three departments...Periodontology, Prosthodontics and Oral Surgery work together. And they do from start to finish in a well integrated way. And so, slowly we're trying to start a new Department. Which is our next thing - to have, a full fledged Advanced dental sciences Department.

***Sir, what would be your message to the students?***

My message is this; after you complete BDS don't compare yourself with your peers. You have to decide for yourself, what is your goal? You can do a Certificate course and start Practice in your own town. Or you can laterally shift. The American mindset has come to India. You can go for healthcare, or for Management, or even for Forensic odontology. But if you write a PG exam aiming for a certain department and you get any other subjects, you still do it just because you got it. Your mind is not there, your body is not there, and you'll be doing three years of that. What happens is you're unlearning what you've learnt in BDS. You'll lose everything you've learnt, even the basics. And you'll be frustrated for the rest of your life. So the first step is to decide what is your passion? What you like you should do. You set goals and you work on that. And whatever you want, have a plan A. If you don't get there, keep a Plan B. And never have any regrets. You cannot rewind your life. If you can afford it, if your budget permits and you also like it then it is worth investing in. You get your passion.

So bottom-line is; do things you're passionate about, whatever that may be.



# MANIPAL COLLEGE OF DENTAL SCIENCES MANGALORE



**Dr. Mohan Baliga**  
Associate Dean

It is my pleasure to convey warm greetings to the students of MCODS, Mangalore via the first E-magazine of the dental school. The effort put up by the editorial team as well as each and every student, with contributions ranging from articles and paintings to creative inputs and anecdotes, has helped transcend the bare bones of a vision into a full-fledged Carnival of life here at MCODS Mangalore. I wish them great success in their careers.



**Dr. Ashitha Upoor**  
Associate Dean

We have come upon the techno-age. It is of utmost priority then that our students make the best use of it and equip themselves well to excel in their respective professional lives. The same has been implemented within our latest College magazine "Carnivalia 2017". It is a thin-line, deciding how far to go while digitalising a traditional hard-copied magazine. At what point does it stop being, in essence, a book in it's own right and becomes a part of a digital fad soon to fade within a few years? I think the editorial board has managed to balance this nuanced line wonderfully. And I wish them all the best for the release of the Magazine.



A Carnival brings to mind Ferris wheels, music, food and loads of fun. Life of a student at MCODS, Mangalore is essentially a carnival – a heady mix of the finest of learning, best of friendships and loads of happiness. The Carnivalia truly captures these unforgettable moments and show cases the spirit of every student of MCODS, Mangalore. It is a treasure trove of stories, poems, photo essays, and audio visual clips.

## **Ravikiran Ongole** **Staff Editor**

Sunaina leading from the front, ably supported by Siddharth and the editorial team have left no stone unturned to make this reading experience magical.

It gives me immense pleasure to present you with the first ever e-version of the student magazine. It is heartening to note that this magazine is in sync with the university's policy to go green and do our bit to minimize the carbon foot print.

I am sure that the e magazine in its interactive format will keep the readers glued and revel in its splendor.





# From the Editor's Journal...

Carnival embodies the zeal and passion of the college-experience; with all its steep curves and sharp edges, all of its fun and frolic.

What "Carnivalia 2017" hopes to bring to you is college life in its most substantial form. Without any glossing over, it is a motley of colours and festivities. It encompasses the highest highs and lowest lows of all that have been involved with this thriving college. It is a record of all of our journeys to self-realization, be student or staff, over the past two years.

It also marks a new beginning. It is the first ever digital magazine released so far. And in all honesty, when initially I was told that this magazine would not see the touch of paper, I was disheartened. We have been conditioned to believe that a book you can feel the weight of is superior to a digital one. And it is not wrong per se to believe so, as long as our minds are open to any and all amendments. This is what, I imagine, my grandfather must have experienced when he was introduced to E-mail; cold, mechanical characters stripped of all the romance that a letter could convey.

And yet, this challenge forced me to broaden my horizons, bridge my thinking pitfalls. And I enlisted all the ways an E-magazine could be superior to a printed one. First and foremost, gone was the issue of page constraints. And that meant more

articles, more participation by the whole MCODS family. Secondly, multimedia. We had the opportunity to do so much more with this magazine than we could have ever imagined. We were able to include a full-fledged interactive guide-map through the Carnivalia, we could incorporate live snippets from interviews, we could let in all the crazy challenges we attempted (and failed) in all their visual splendour. And suddenly it made me feel like a Muggle looking at Wizarding magazines.

I'd like to thank my Editorial Team for the unconventional ideas and the numerous sleepless nights I put them through. I'd like to thank our staff editor Dr. Ravikiran Ongole who kept us focussed and practical throughout this endeavour. A shout out to the creative minds at Print media, Mr. Nagesh Rao and Mr. Mohammed Zihan, for all the time and energy they spent on making Carnivalia come alive in all its multihued glory.

A special thank you to my dear friend and fellow Editorial-board member Siddharth Maitra for the beautiful cover concept and for being the editor's editor.

And finally, I'd like to thank the Dean for his unwavering support and of course all the staff and students for their invaluable contributions without which the existence of this magazine would be impossible! I hope y'all have as much fun reading this magazine, as we had putting it together.

Countdown  
to  
magazine  
release


#MMM



You \*LOST\*  
the pictures?  
#@!?







DSA 2015-16







**Dhiraj Panjwani**  
(President)

A day none of us will ever forget. As the interview began, as contenders for the council began to enter the boardroom, it all started to feel like a game show and at the end of all this were the seven of us standing tall. The dental students association 15-16. And since then, it was rapid-fire. Right from our very first event, inter-Manipal university chess-tournament, all the way upto Manipal University convocation; everything that came our way we faced it like a family. When you're in the Council of such a prestigious institute all eyes are on you, every move that you make needs to be calculated. People see role-models in you and you need to live up to the expectations.. We just lived each day as it came, laughed a lot, cried sometimes and all we knew was we had a perfect mix of talent and hard work and it showed on multiple occasions. The cherry on the cake was the Utsav trophy that came home. There was a feeling of accomplishment that came with the victory. When you're in the council, you need to know your fellow-council members really well; their strengths, their weakness and just fill in the few voids that remain. In the end I would like to say,, being a part of this team has made me a stronger person and taught me the art of leadership. This has been the best experience anyone can ask for in college life.



**Rica Singh**  
(General Secretary)

Council...

These seven letters don't just make up a word, also pretty much sum up one of the most uimportant years in my life till now. The responsibilities and duties that I carried out as the general secretary elect not only gave me a huge exposure to the how's and who's of how things work but also shape me as an individual as the individual I am today. The molst important value that this tenure has taught me was tream effort. And I'm sure that the DSA 15-16 wouldn't have been even close to what it was if it didn't comprise of my fellow council-members and the guidance of Dr. Mithun Pai. I'm grateful for this worthy experience and I cannot thank enough to the people who are responsible for this and who showed immense faith in me and believed that I'll be able to pull it off.



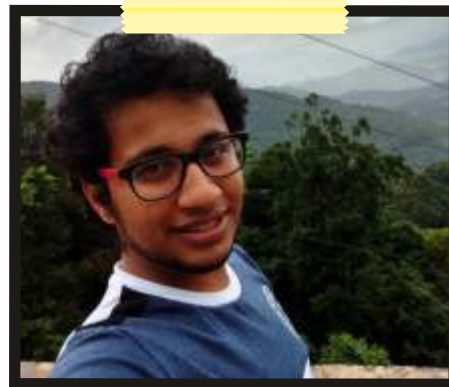
# Student Council 2015-16





**Nitin Garg**  
(Treasurer)

I believe when you have a sense of responsibilities and urge towards fulfilling them it can be a driving force for you and can help build you as a person. That's exactly what my tenure in the council did to me. I evolved as a new personality and with better attributes. Being the Treasurer, all the money-related tasks were under me which required me to be extra cautious and careful. With the help of my fellow-council members and our mentor Dr. Mithun Pai, I can proudly say I met all that was expected of me with utmost ease and care. The euphoria of cinecods 16 and the celebration of Utsav, all the management of Inter-Mahe tournaments, the festivity of Ciana; Diwali Party are all the events in which we left no stone unturned and were well-appreciated by all. Working with friends has never been this fun. If there's something that I miss among what has gone by, it's my time in the Council and the respect that came with it. I thank everyone that gave me the opportunity and will ever be grateful!



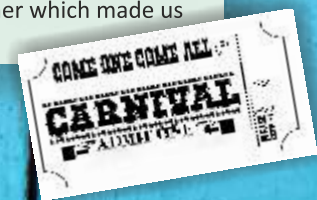
**Sparsh Kapoor**  
(Sports Secretary)

The council had never been on my mind in the initial years of college and had my batchmates not encouraged me to apply for it, I would have never done so. I am now extremely glad that I had decided to apply for it and thankful that I was selected. My journey as the Sports sec has been indeed a memorable one, in terms of learning, teamwork, leadership and most importantly experience. It is aptly said that, with great power comes great responsibility. And I would always remain thankful to all the people who entrusted upon me with such responsibility and believed in my strength to carry it out. Without the constant guidance of my teachers, fellow-council mates and friends my quest wouldn't have been a successful one. And I would forever be grateful for the immense support I received. The positive changes the council has imbibed in me and the memories that I have made as the sports sec of MCODS, will always remain etched in me as evergreen and irreplaceable.



**Sakshi Sachdeva**  
(Fine Arts Secretary)

For some students, the most memorable experience would be the Saturday night parties or maybe when they first achieve their first professional milestone. But for me, the most memorable day in college life will always be the "council of 2015-16". I still remember the day when we had our interviews and we all were very nervous. In the beginning we came together as strangers. We kept together so we did progress and we worked together and hence we SUCCEEDED. We knew that there is no elevator to success, so we took the stairs and managed to bring laurels to our college in various activities. Organizing all the events, be it Inter-Mahe or dental week it has been a wonderful experience where all of us have learnt a lot. With tremendous hard work and dedication of all the members of the council and our cultural coordinator, we managed to bring the trophy of Utsav back to where it actually belongs. Being the Cultural secretary of MCODS Mangalore, it was a moment of immense happiness and words fall short to explain that emotion. What I have learnt from my council year is that being in the council is not about the post or the position. Rather, it's about the actions; the unity, the standing for each other which made us reach our goal.

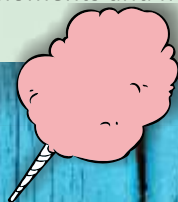






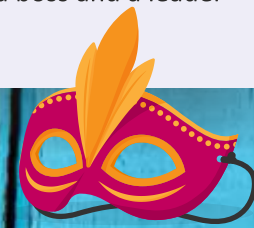
**Apoorva Anand**  
(Magazine Editor)

I still remember the day when I was told that I was in the council. It felt surreal, like a dream come true. The year that followed was one full of learning experiences, downfalls and achievements. One of the most important lessons I learned from being in the council was that it wasn't just about wearing a badge, being known as a council member or just something to put on your CV. It was about responsibility, being polite, friendly and working sensibly with the staff and students. It taught me how to think twice before I act or speak so as to set up a good example. I learned how to be a team player and a problem solver, to have more patience and to take criticism. My journey as a council member has been especially memorable because of my other council members. A group of people with an amazing spirit, a group always up for a laugh, a group that worked with energy, dedication and sincerity. We were more than a team, we became a family. All the challenges that came our way, be it Inter-Mahe sports competitions, charity events, Diwali party, Dental week or literary and cultural competitions like Vibes, TAPMI and Utsav; we faced it together and emerged victorious. When the council year ended, no matter how much they told me to look ahead I couldn't stop looking back. And I still can't. Those moments and memories will remain in my heart forever.



**Juhi Joshy**  
(Lady Representative)

Getting onto the council was always my dream. Since schooldays I have been in some form of leadership entity and yes, I wanted college to be the same for me. I still remember how nerve-wracking the interview was with all eminent people of our college firing questions at us. All I had decided was that I will be myself and it will all be good. And lo and behold! Yes, it was all good. "Juhi Joshy Lady Representative". I knew I had responsibilities, and I was looking forward to fulfilling them. I wasn't sure about how it'd go. But as time passed by, we became the best of friends. We were told that if we pass out of the council as friends, consider yourself as a successful council. And I'm proud to say that nothing has changed and we still are as fond of each other as we were. All the brainstorming, the chaos of organizing events, coming up with a theme for dental week, the tension of Utsav, Inter-Mahe tournaments; I think the most beautiful feather in our cap is the trophy of Utsav that we got back home. There was no moment more exhilarating than that. Being the Lady Representative, the events conducted for charity made me grow as a person and made me look at life from a different perspective altogether. It was totally worth it. It was the most enriching part of my journey here at MCODS, and yes it is etched in my heart forever! What I learned from being in the council is that it makes leaders and the biggest difference between a boss and a leader is that the boss says "Go" and the leader says "Let's go".







DSA 2016-17







**Anahita Deo**  
(President)

Someone very close to me once said "Have dreams that challenge you and the courage to actually fulfill it."

It seems like only yesterday when I got oriented by the students council in my first year, and today as I write this with a heavy heart putting an end to a glorious enriching experience that this has been, I cannot help but ponder about how time flies. Undoubtedly this tenure has made me a better and refined version of myself and helped me grow in ways I couldn't fathom. I feel extremely blessed to be the President of the first all girls council the college has seen. These ladies have been my strength throughout. I am also very grateful to Dr. Mithun Pai for being a constant source of guidance without which all this wouldn't have been possible.

One thing that I've learnt is that the little spark of madness that we have all been given, is what helps us being sane.



**Shweta Bhambhu**  
(General secretary)

"If you're persistent you will get it. If you're consistent you will keep up."

It's almost the end of our council Dental Students Association 2016-17, and I would like to say that it's been no less than a honour to be a part of the Students Council. Being a part of this council has made me realize that there is no need to rush if something is meant to be, it will be happen.

This position has remoulded me from a stone and made me worthy enough to uphold the responsibilities this post brings along, and obviously together. Everyone achieves more and with that the seven of us stood up as a "TEAM" to achieve the goals we set for ourselves at the start of the tenure. I shall always be grateful to the college and the association who believed in me and gave me the opportunity to make others happy and keep the college flag flying high.

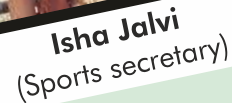
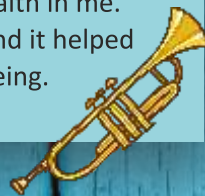
It's not over and will never be as we have inscribed our names in the golden MCODS history.



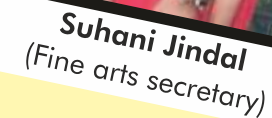




I thank Dr. Mithun Pai, our mentor for always being there for me and having faith in me. The council is part of me now and it helped me grow into a better human being.



My experience as sports secretary to say the least has been a pleasure, to be the part of the 1st ever girls council is an honour. These 9 months have made me a better person, both personally and professionally. It's was a huge responsibility which required a lot of dedication and hard work. From booking grounds to organising matches, not to forget the plethora of mistakes, it has been a rollercoaster journey. I would like to thank my six other council members, who have always been on my side whenever I needed them .Working together has been a great experience. Thank you MCODS for this opportunity. I hope I did justice to my role. This is Isha Jalvi, retiring after an illustrious career.



A dream I saw when I first stepped into this college came true before my own eyes and I couldn't ask for more.







**Sunaina Shyam**  
(Magazine Editor)

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." This council-year was one tumultuous journey that I shall never forget.

It was a year of firsts; both for me and our Council. A first all women-Council and the first ever digital magazine. A year when we shed tears of joy and sorrow, tasted failure and success.

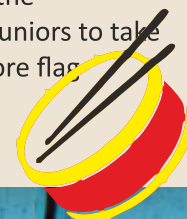
This was also the year I learnt that nobody knows what they're doing, all we really know is to do the best we can and hope it works, we are all just little kids parading around in the shoes of adults.

Through it all, helping us navigate the rough seas was Dr. Mithun Pai, our culture coordinator, mentor, and guiding light. I'd like to thank Dr. Ravikiran Ongole, our staff editor and man with a plan, who with his patient and prudent counsel led us to the completion of the magazine.



**Ashmita Deb**  
(Lady Representative)

On the 30<sup>th</sup> November, 2016, 7 girls came together to form the Dental students association and the whole college exclaimed "seriously? An all girls council?". Honestly even we were slightly apprehensive. But our mentors and our beloved cultural coordinator, Dr. Mithun Pai had an unfathomable faith in our abilities. As the year progressed, we had our set of ups and downs, but it never stopped us from giving our best for the college. We learnt to work as a team and most importantly developed a friendship which will last for years to come. It wasn't easy, we had to look into every single detail just so that we could make the bigger picture grand and everyone's worthwhile. Conducting all the DISHA events and watching everyone enjoy them was genuinely the highlight of my tenure. It's a once in a lifetime opportunity to be a part of the prestigious college council. I would request all my juniors to take up such responsibilities and keep the MCODS M'lore flag soaring high.





"Emergency?  
SOS – not 911, not 100,  
Calling Mithun sir..."  
-Suhani

"Hi-fives are in order  
when this man is around."  
-Anahita

"Some people are spirited enough to  
think that they can bring in a change.  
Usually do. One UTSAV at a time."  
-Ashmita

"In between random chai treats to strict  
boardroom sessions... He made us  
learn lessons for a lifetime."  
-Debotri

"As coffee is tonic to his soul and peace to  
his mind; as strong as his determination and  
as fresh as his ideas. Stuck? Restart. Refresh. Coffee."  
-Shweta

"In my mind, you are a true  
Ballon d'Or winner! A winner."  
-Isha

"Where we see dirt, he sees  
a diamond in the rough."  
-Sunaina

## Dr. Mithun Pai

Mithun sir, at the end of the day all we want to say is Thank you;  
Thanks for giving us all the tough love and guidance we needed.  
Yours faithfully,  
Council 2016 -17

## Dr. Karthik Shetty

From adding silverware to his Trophy room year after year to overseeing all the different sporting activities in and out of Mangalore, he's done it all. It is no wonder then, that despite having multiple responsibilities on his hands – whether they be the clinics, hostel or sports – he's always managed to sort out and perfect each one of them. A shout out to the man with a distinct vision and unending zeal for sports and health here at our college.

Thank you sir, for organizing all the varying Inter-Manipal competitions.  
Thank you, for showing the undying fire of sportsmanship.  
Thank you, for elevating the sporting-experience in our College.



# The Editorial Board 2016-17





# FROM THE TENTS OF TRIUMPH...

Doctors are familiar in lab coats but our college, MCODS, believes in donning your sports jerseys once in a while and gracing the field. Wellness isn't all about being intelligent, after all. We, at MCODS, actively participate in sports activities. Presenting a recap of the a past two years in sports:

**CHESS:** MCODS Mangalore had the honour of hosting the Manipal University Inter Collegiate Chess Tournament on 22<sup>nd</sup>



and 23<sup>rd</sup> September, 2015. It was the first event organized by our college for the academic year 2015-2016. In the same period, our team travelled to NIT – K and won. The team comprised of Yash Singh, Subhajith Rauth and the previous sports secretary, Sparsh Kapoor.

**CRICKET:** Under the captaincy of Dr. Rahul Jainer, MCODS Mangalore has had an illustrious cricket career. In 2016, OUR COLLEGE PARTICIPATED IN THE 'COORG COFFEE CUP' HOSTED BY COORG DENTAL COLLEGE FROM 11th MARCH TO 16<sup>th</sup> March. In the picture inserted, we can see Dr Rahul receiving the Man of the Match prize for his superior batting skills. Our college also participated in the Yenepoya Cricket tournament and won the trophy. In the college cricket scenario, MCODS reached the semi finals of the Manipal University Inter Collegiate Cricket Tournament.

**HANDBALL:** A fairly new sport in the array, Handball can be best understood as futsal played with hands. A 5 man sport, Handball tests hand and eye co ordination apart from the usual sport ethics. Our college did not take much time to adapt to the traditions of this





game though. The Men's team reached the semi finals of the Manipal University Inter Collegiate Handball Tournament.

**SWIMMING:** The pool has always been a place of relaxation for the dentists of our college. Our performances have been nothing less than brilliant either. Sunayana Bhatnagar won the bronze medal in the 99 Metres Women's Butterfly event at the Manipal University Inter Collegiate Swimming Tournament. Dr Hemant Aggarwal and Dr. Shibani Chakraborty won the best male and female athletes respectively at the inter batch competition.



**FOOTBALL:** Closing the curtain with the apple of the eye sport of our college, Football has been a constant reminder of good standards at MCODS. The college team participated in the Manipal University Inter Collegiate Football Tournament and the Father Muller Fest, Adrenaline. Victories were too far too few but that did not dent the team's morale as preparation for next year's tournament has already reached planning stages!





# *Call of the Carousel*

A carousel is a joyride  
It mounts figurines of every shape and size  
Horses and tigers, chariots and dragons  
Each galloping fantasy you might catalyse





Kunal Singh  
Batch of 2014



# Kaleidoscope



Debotri Basu  
Batch of 2014





Aakash Jain  
Batch of 2015



Mohammad Basith NP  
Batch of 2015



Nikita Rungta  
Batch of 2013



Bidushi Ganguly  
Batch of 2014



Debangana Mukherjee  
Batch of 2016









Kunal Singh  
Batch of 2014



Debangana Mukherjee  
Batch of 2016



Viral Dave  
Batch of 2013



Hemanth Agarwal  
Batch of 2012





Umang Rai  
Batch of 2015



Hemanth Agarwal  
Batch of 2012



Soham Lahiri  
Batch of 2015



Bidushi Ganguly  
Batch of 2014





Souvik Chatterjee  
Batch of 2014



Soham Lahiri  
Batch of 2015

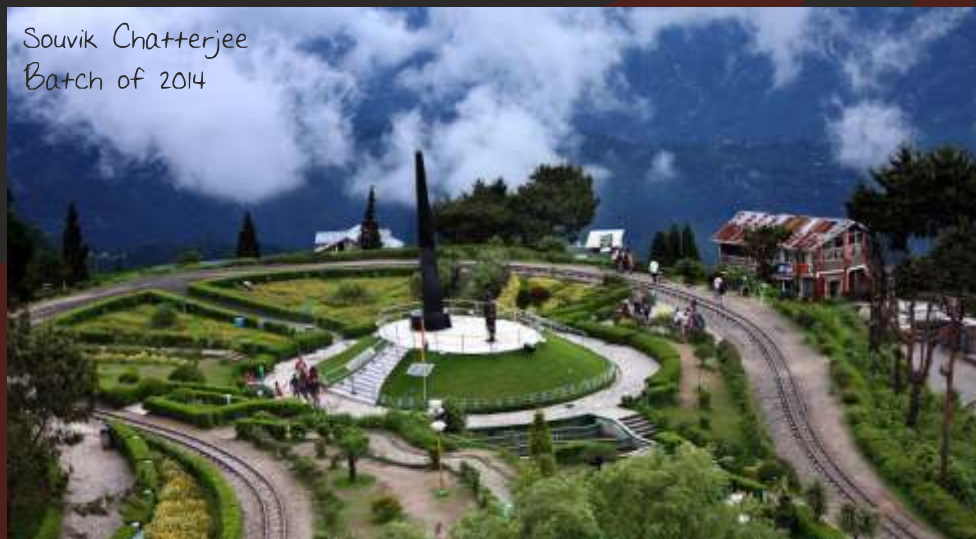




Archana M  
Batch of 2013



Mohammad Basith NP  
Batch of 2015



Souvik Chatterjee  
Batch of 2014



Archana M  
Batch of 2013





Siddharth Maitra  
Batch of 2014



Debangana Mukherjee  
Batch of 2016



Viral Dave  
Batch of 2013



# You Don't Have A Word For What I Have

Optimism chirps, "There is too much beauty in this world"  
and I, with my limbs devoid of any memory of movement,  
my eyelids too heavy to lift,  
my lips silent in some forgotten way of prayer,  
whisper, "Then how come all I see is carnage?"  
To each man, is his own point of saturation  
but I was born saturated in my own inability  
to express the monster of a boulder on my chest  
that was the world in all its failure  
and somehow, my aortas assumed it was I who failed  
and no matter how much I pleaded and begged  
like a little child hiding from the dark under her bed,  
my body refused to show signs of life;  
I wonder what it is dies at night.  
Have you ever really thought of how you and I  
are barely anything but mere collisions of incidents.  
You and I are too privileged, too safe,  
too white or too rich, too educated or too loved  
to be mere statistics on pages or names in the six o'clock news.  
We're reaching out for help, the 7 billion of us  
we're reaching out and grabbing throats  
writing verdicts of our own, we're calling them God's gavel  
beating down on our bodies, leaving marks on bared souls.  
There's no love to fight over, our hearts are just sore.  
There are armies that'll follow another man's word  
and he follows what his ego dictates,  
where women feature only as psychological warfare tactics  
and as we bleed down the drains of mediocrity and ignorance,  
bliss and apathy,  
there is more evidence that we are truly alone,

all 7 billion of us, pushed in the dark,  
gunned at for speaking our minds  
blinded for wanting to see the world.  
What would you like to order?  
Our most popular is rape with a side of injustice  
or 200 lashes for being a woman, a Syrian, and driving?  
Maybe you'd like the Black Man,  
whom you can scrutinize with doubt, as you feed on him.  
Ever since I've known what the world does to angels without  
wings I've been white-knuckling this  
and it sounds insane; I sound insane.  
You don't fit in very well if you keep seeing what makes you  
scream inside. it's like being on a lockdown, on a hide-out-  
lights-out,  
and I couldn't possibly tell you  
what it feels like  
what it takes out of me.  
You say you want to help me?  
How?  
You don't even have a word for what I have

*Tanvi Bakshi*  
*Batch of 2014*



# Truly Blue

I started my schooling in April 2001. It was the first time that a 3 year old me wore a school uniform – a blue school uniform. And since that day, I have associated just one color with school – BLUE. School life is often said to be the best time in a person's life and each stage of school life can easily be represented by a particular shade of blue. Primary school is a soft, mellow shade of sky-blue mingled with the tears of tiny tots leaving their mothers for the first time and the nervous-cum-satisfied emotions of their parents. It is, quite understandably, the easiest stage of school, when the only thought that worries us is what our mothers have packed in our lunch boxes and whether Barbie is better than Batman or is it the other way round. Middle school was more or less a shade of electric blue. It is then that we are mature enough to let go of the 'Barbie vs. Batman' argument

but not nearly enough to stop worrying about our lunch (I, personally, don't think we will ever stop worrying about that). Electric blue perfectly sums up the energy of middle school – the co-curricular activities, the slightly more difficult studies, the mutual hatred for early morning assemblies, the excitement of getting our own locker. It was in middle school that we understood the value of sleeping in late and afternoon naps and it was in middle school that we truly understood that yes, 'Monday Blues', really do exist. Middle school was also the time when getting a good 'Friendships Day' card was the sign of a turquoise blue friendship. Summer vacations were, by far, the most awaited part of the year and we returned with periwinkle blue memories, heightened spirits, bright blue days at the beach and overly-exaggerated accounts of what we did during the holidays. Then

came high school and the fact that we were "highschoolers" was a big deal. High school showed us a darker side of school life with peer pressure, broken friendships, new contacts and career counselling sessions (which bored us to death). High school was more of a titan blue - increased study stress, late night study sessions, bunking classes to catch a movie with friends and completely denying it later on and, of course, the most awaited part of high school – the 'Farewell Party' for seniors. It was in high school that we made the best of friends and it was in high school that we realized that our school life is almost over. Graduation day came and we donned our royal blue graduation gowns and we felt honored. School is rightfully said to be the place where we enter crying and we leave crying and feeling blue. In school, we laughed, we cried, we made friends and we experienced

heart breaks, we loved, we lived, we remembered, we complained, we learnt (and then forgot) but most importantly, we enjoyed! School presented us with a sky blue with opportunities and molded us into confident individuals. It is said that blue is a nostalgic color. It relates everything in the present and future to lessons of the past. If that really is the case, then school life is, in every sense, truly blue.

*Aiman Itrat Abbasi*  
*Batch of 2016*



# THE STORM WITHIN

Every heart's a storm  
Each soul a starlit sea  
Every mind's a meteor  
Unbound by gravity.  
And everybody's wishing  
They could learn to tame their tides.  
When nothing more than nature  
Is what's echoing inside.

Every life's a lightning bolt  
Yet everyone's told no;  
Bite back all your thunder  
And don't let the wild things show.  
Every heart's a storm  
Everyone a world within  
Every life too short for loathing  
Any storm beneath your skin

*Anonymous*





# Unpopular Opinion



70

The scene- Anatomy Dissection hall, a cadaver, morning blues and a distracted mind. This results in me becoming a philosopher rather than a dental student. Among the many strange thoughts I have, one of them is, 'Why am I so fascinated (not obsessed) with the idea of death?' Is it strange that I don't consider death a tragedy? Then I answer my own question with a no because I have perfectly normal and valid reasons to think so. Don't believe me? I'll elaborate (or rant, to be honest). What amazes me is that death is always taken as a negative episode. A tragedy. A melancholy. Why? Death is the only journey which cannot be seen by someone else's eyes. Death is a mystery which shall always

remain a mystery amongst the living. You can have an access to stories of surreal experiences which you might never go through. Autobiographies and biographies- seeing a world through someone else's eyes. But death? No stories that give you chills. No songs that might make you cry. You only experience death through your eyes. Is it even an experience? Or is life a dead end path? No one knows. Isn't that fascinating? (Or am I weird?) Fear of oblivion is also the cause of designating death as a tragedy. An existential crisis is a moment during which an individual questions the very foundation

of their life: whether my life has any meaning, purpose, or value? Will I be remembered or when I stop existing, will my past existence cease to exist as well? To be honest, doing something monumental enough to be remembered by all is difficult and most of us- common folk- don't achieve that eminence. So shouldn't we try to be remembered well by the people around us? So that whenever they talk about us, they don't curse their stars that we existed, instead we become a part of their fondest memories. Be their moon on a dark hopeless night. It would be another definition of immortality. Being someone's 'someone special'. No one is really dead until the ripples they created in the world die away. If we think about it, some people prepare all their lives to die. Heaven or hell- which will be the next destination? I think the concept of hell and heaven helps some to stay on the right path and maintain their moral integrity. For others, it is an escape. If we won't reap what we sow here, then why bother? Personally, I don't believe in heaven and hell but I do believe that we have to pay for our sins here itself - on earth, while we are alive. Yes, I do believe in Karma. Back to the point, now there are a few ways to deal with the fact that we all are going to die and there will exist a world which we won't see. Death is only the end if you assume the story is about you. One way is to make dumb decisions because you only live once. Another way is to be a pathetic character of a depressing movie who is just

waiting for death because if we all are going to die then what really matters? The third, and my favorite, is to take life as an adventure, buckle up and make the best of it because as Stephen King says, "Get busy living or get busy dying." Death is winning the game of life. Starting from square one and reaching that point where you have accomplished something for yourself, no matter how insignificant it is to the rest of the world. To travel the full path, which was filled with joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, frustrations and thrills, and everything in between.

A quote that I really like- "Death is not the greatest loss in life. The greatest loss is what dies inside us while we live." I used to hate being busy. Then came a time when I wasn't and it did not feel good. From that "great phase of depression" I learnt a lesson- our challenges make us alive. The rollercoaster of emotions we go through makes us human. It would be a total failure if we die before actually feeling alive. So let's be the writers of our own stories. It's up to us to make it a comedy or a tragedy (or a drama!)

The scene – breaking this insane chain of thoughts. Realizing that death may not be a tragedy but my answer sheet will be one if I don't concentrate. ~Curtains fall~  
The End.



Parul Nagar  
Batch of 2016



# How long have you been here?



How long have you been here?

....an eternity passed before I finally mustered up enough courage to repeat my question. This time louder. How long have you been here?

No reply.

I scrutinized her intensely and then went back to my writing.

A whirlwind of questions be throttled my thoughts. How long has she been there? A day? A month? An entire decade? Why do I not remember seeing her before? Did she lay just the same on my couch? And I went on, oblivious to her presence? How long had she been there?

*It seldom rained heavily where I was brought up. As a child, the intermittent pours meant unwarranted pleasure of prancing about in the rains and unaccounted holidays.*

*Bhaswati was five years elder to me.*

*She could climb the trees like a squirrel and spot ripe mangoes from afar. Despite our age difference, we had become fast friends. She was tall, agile, smart and... beautiful. I often close my eyes in vain attempts of conjuring up whole images of her. I was her tireless tail. Tailing her through the dirty ditches, while escaping punishment, tailing her, as she climbed over the walls to steal flowers, tailing her through everything.*

*I knew she was equally fond of me too. One late autumn evening we were hiding behind the Asoka trees in our village, the ritualistic game of hide and seek. It was then that she had kissed me. It was short, sweet and eternal.*

*I had told her to run away with me. I knew her mother would beat her to death if she ever knew. She had agreed to run away as well.*

I somehow never remember what had happened after she had agreed to run away with me. Where did we run to? I always hit this road block every time that I started penning down. I closed the laptop screen wearily. The screen, perennially bore witness to the incompetence of my decaying memory and the story always seemed to be stuck there. I turned my head to see her sleeping peacefully in the couch.

"How long have you been here?" I called out again.

This time she turned, slowly and I could see that her face was still sleepy as she sat up against the cushion. She rubbed her hand over her face as her bangles clanked against each other. She tightened the knot of her salwar. She had a beautiful face even for an aged woman. She got up quietly and walked towards the kitchen. I watched her as she opened the cupboards.

I slowly looked away, trying to recollect what her name was. She was familiar, or was she? I really thought hard. Hard enough for the pain to resurface.

"I stay here Manu", she called out, as if pre rehearsed in a sing song tone. Her voice soothed me.

She ought to be familiar. I thought again, this time cautiously. She came out with two cups of coffee and a glass of water after some time.

"I like it lukewarm, strong and..."

"With one and a half teaspoons of sugar", she finished my statement. Of course, I smiled.

"Manu check your pocket notebook". I reached gingerly for my pocket, but I didn't need to check it all over this time. I looked up and smiled as she placed the coffee, a glass of water and a dozen other medicines in front of me as I opened the laptop to continue with the missing bits of my story.

*I had told her to run away with me. I knew her mother would beat her to death if she ever knew her daughter married a girl...*

I corrected and finished the sentence. "I don't need these today to remember you, Bhaswati", I smiled gesturing towards the medicines.

Anonymous



# Just One More Time...

Two years ago he had left his place in exasperation. He had an altercation with her for she still thought he was a kid. She cares too much he would say. The night before he left he had scolded her, stating that her chest pains were just minor and it was all a drama, they were an outcome of the unnecessary extra work she did and that age was doing her job. Though she seemed to be a superhuman she wasn't one after all. Today when he was returning back, he was all smiles. Today his nostalgia would come to an end. He will have a home cooked meal after ages. Moreover he had lived his dreams. He was a pass out from countries one of the top notch institute. He was thinking how

he would boast about his heroics and performances, and today surely he will prove it to her that he was no more a kid and how proud she would be listening to all his stories. He had not looked back ever since he had left to make it big, he didn't even return for vacations for he had projects to do. But today he will pump his chest boasting about those! Something funny about life is that things never happen the way we plan them. When he returned home he was staring at her in total disbelief. She had turned pale, thin and so fragile, almost a lifeless set of bones. 'Cancer' they told him. The beast had been eating her from within. Her pains were real! He was clueless, numb; a







cocktail of emotions was flowing inside him. He was furious that nobody informed him. But it was her choice not to distract him, for she knew what his dreams meant to him. 'She always does this. She will never tell me her troubles, why did she do this again?' he cried. When she woke up she gave out a sigh, looking at him she smiled the same smile she had when he left, though he had fought. She wanted to say something but her voice had betrayed her long ago; she couldn't save it for him. She wanted to hug him, rush to him in joy but all she could do was ring the bell and call the maid. Weakly she pointed out something and tried her best to instruct her. The maid left and after a minute she returned with a box of cake embedded on it was 'Congratulations' She knew it. Mothers always do, don't they? He was teary, broken all the more because his support system had gone weak. 'My Mother: My World' was an

essay he had written in school, today that world was shaky. She lay silent looking at him wishing if for once she could cook his favourite meal, just one more time? That night he didn't eat, he had no strength left rather his strength was lying on the bed lifeless. She had been his first friend, first teacher. She was his cheer leader and shouted the loudest even when he losing. She loved him no matter what, whether he failed his tests or made some blunder. She knew about all the lies he told her and she would just smile at those. She was there besides him when he broke up though he never told her that he had a girlfriend. She was there when he fractured his foot, when he failed miserably in math, when he topped his board exams. She would stay up all night when he was an infant just to make sure he slept peacefully and then she stayed up all night when he was a teenager to see to it that he could study in peace. Mother had always been there

and she always knew everything. Today when she needed him all he was capable of doing was to sit beside her bed and cry in silence. He didn't even realize when he dozed off and today there was no one to guide him to his bed and cover him with a shawl. The one who always did it for him was lifeless deep asleep, she was smiling in her sleep yet a tear rolled out from the corner of her eye. She had smiled when she saw him, not because she could have a look at him for one last time but because he had lived his dreams all her ambitions were now fulfilled. For the first time in years she felt so peaceful, pain didn't bother her, it couldn't, not today! The next morning he woke up amidst a cry. There were suddenly so many people around him, they all were trying to wake her up but she wouldn't respond. He tried, he called out 'maaaaa' but she didn't open her eyes. May be it was her turn to leave but she

wouldn't return. This time too it was she who was smiling and she exasperated. He felt numb, incomplete. As if a part of him suddenly went missing. His face was red, his eyes even more. He buried his head in his palms. Today nobody could help him, it wasn't like India had lost a cricket match, or a lost race or a failed test but his world he had lost. The white around him didn't do any justice, friends and family tried consoling but nothing worked. Because he wanted to talk to her just one more time, just one more bed time story, just one more nap in her lap, just one more apology just one. He regretted his words, he was empty. Years later at his cancer foundation, he gave a speech in a shaky voice he said ".... I still wish I could... They say time is a great healer but may be iatreaia of time too cannot heal some regrets... I wish just one more time...'

Anonymous



# wings, Sunshine and oranges



I stared-  
at the mist of a blurred horizon,  
through the ochre and scarlet of a silent  
morn,  
I saw radiant fragments of the new sun  
creep in through the dark frondescence.

I stared-  
At the effulgent reflections,  
Of the shimmering aquamarine waters  
reverberating for an eternity,  
against the hazel of your eye.  
At the pearly wisps of candy floss clouds  
shaped by shapeless molds,  
into the dimensions of an unleashed  
Imagination.

I inhaled-  
The air perfumed with sea salt and sun  
ripened oranges.

Barefoot I walked,  
On the dew drenched grass..  
Every tiny blade of it,  
tenderly kissed by vermillion rays  
from the East.

I fancy I heard-  
A husky whisper from nowhere,  
speaking in a long forgotten accent-  
vaguely familiar,  
almost like the trembling leaves of Fall..  
like the Cedars of Lebanon.

Through a criss-cross of Light and Dark,  
Through the euphonies of an ecstatic  
lark,

Through a tapestry of promises made in  
good earnest,  
Through the misty outline of a solitary  
Crescent..

I spread-  
out a pair of dusty tired Wings,  
worn with use but dysfunctional for a  
long time, now..  
Helplessly, I fluttered....my feet refused to  
leave the ground..

Finally-  
I closed my eyes, and plunged-  
Into into-  
The void of an emerald ocean..  
Into the much coveted arms of  
Remembrance..  
Eternally freed from elusive Illusion..  
Emerging out of feverish delirium.

I reached-  
Out for the 1 illuminated truth..  
Concealed and preserved..  
Behind the blissful radiance of a  
resplendent Golden Disc.

I soared in the infinite expanse of Truth.  
One in all. All in One.

Sumedha Mitra  
Batch of 2015





# *Batch of 2016*









# Picasso's Paracosm



84



-Mohita Deshpande  
Batch of 2014



-Anwesha  
Batch of 2015



-Karen Christina Stellus  
Batch of 2015



-G. Lalitya  
Batch of 2014



-Manasi Pidaparthi  
Batch of 2016

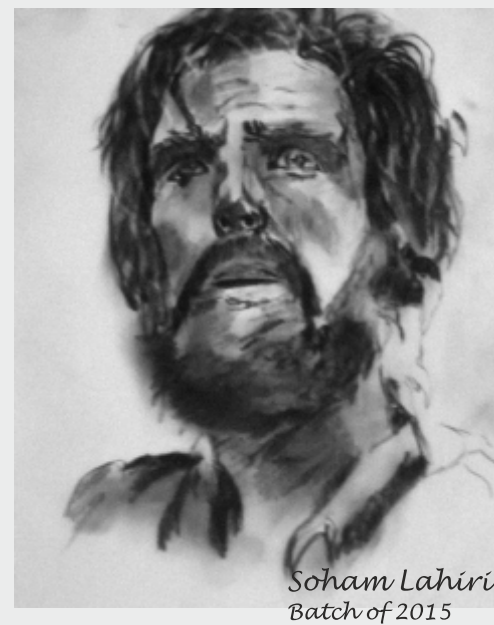


Siddharth Maitra  
Batch of 2014



-Kaveesha Mishra  
Batch of 2016









-Manasi Pidaparthi  
Batch of 2016



-Sushmitha Gopaluni  
Batch of 2014



-Soham Lahiri  
Batch of 2015



-Sadhika Suri  
Batch of 2016



-G. Lalitha  
Batch of 2014

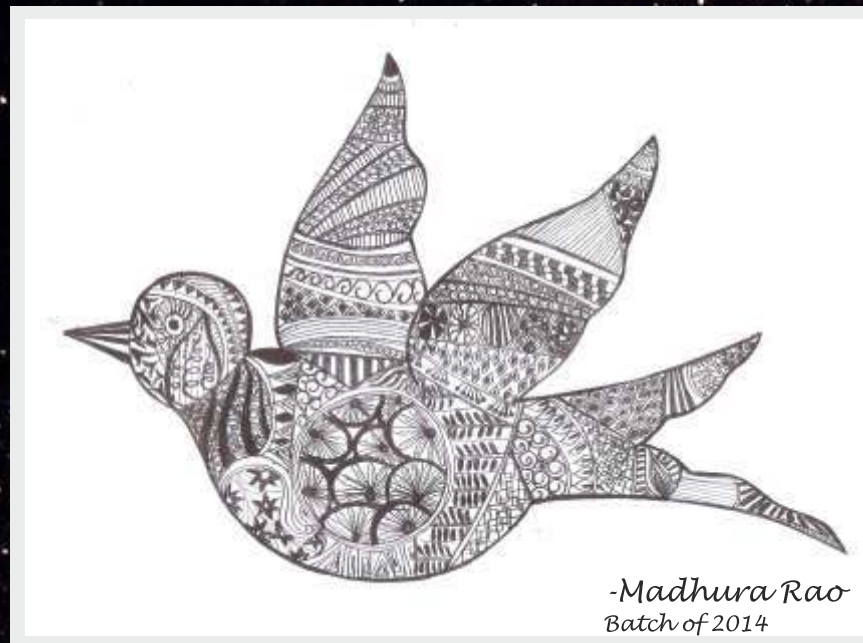


-Samrina Hussain  
Batch of 2013





-Shivangini Naik  
Batch of 2014



-Madhura Rao  
Batch of 2014



-Sushmitha Gopaluni  
Batch of 2014



-Nikita Rungta  
Batch of 2013



Debotri Basu  
Batch of 2014



-Samrina Hussain  
Batch of 2013









# FAIR-DE-FERRIS

From the lowest of lows to the highest of highs  
The gears and spokes synchronize  
As ideas arise and so do dreams  
Stitched together by invisible seams  
The wheels of life never cease  
Quills on paper create  
masterpiece.





# Unsung Heroes

IN A JOURNEY, THAT IS THIS PIRATE SHIP OF AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE THERE IS THE CAPTAIN, THE QUARTERMASTER, THE FIRST MATE, BOATSWAINS, CAST AND CREW OF ALL KIND AND OBVIOUSLY THE ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME. AND THEN THERE ARE STORIES, BRAZEN AND UNTOLD, THE NUMEROUS EXPEDITIONS AS TOLD BY SOME OF THE OLDEST SHIPMATES. READ ON, AS WE DELVE INTO CONVERSATIONS WITH THE UNSUNG HEROES.

~ Somya Tyagi

Photographer ~ Soham Lahiri

Translator ~ Pooja Netalkar







**Mr. Sunil Kumar Shetty**

Senior Laboratory Assistant,  
Department: Dental Materials

### **How has your experience with the college been?**

Out of the forty seven years I have lived in Mangalore, thirty I have spent serving this institution. Since Bejai has been one of the first places they come to, I get to see students both excited and apprehensive. It is a lot of fun watching them tinker and toil as they step into their course exercises. I particularly remember a group of Malaysian students and very fondly so, as they were extremely disciplined obedient and clean in their handiwork.

### **What are some of you most favourite things in Mangalore?**

Gobi Manchurian is one of the dishes I really like.  
I enjoy a good cricket match, especially watching it with my friends.  
Dharmasthala temple, is one of the places I often visit.

### **What is one piece of advice that you would like to give to the students?**

A student's job is to study. I would only say that one should study well, and with determination and perseverance

### **How has your experience with the college been?**

I have been working with in the college since the last thirty years. Dr Surendra Shetty, the present vice chancellor, former dean, has been an inspiration to me. He preached punctuality, importance of being systematic, cleanliness, and proper interaction with the patient, in the early years of this institution. I remember some of the alumni. We have now become good friends. It makes me delighted when they come to meet me whenever they visit the city.

### **What are some of you most favourite things in Mangalore?**

I am enthusiastic about gardens, and among them Kadri Park has remained my all time favourite. I recall swimming as a child in the home state of Kerala, they were good days. (laughs)

### **What is one piece of advice that you would like to give to the students?**

As I work in the clinics, I would just say that a welcoming and warm attitude with both the patients and the working staff will take one a long way. Always serve with a smile.



**Mrs. Srimathi B**

Senior D.S.A.  
Department: Nursing





### How has your experience with the college been?

I have worked here for twenty eight years. This place has been gracious. My seniors and colleagues have been very cooperative throughout my experience here, working in the office. The work environment is extremely systematic, it has helped in my growth both personally and professionally.

The schedule gets pretty busy sometimes, especially during the dental week. As I am in charge of the board room arrangements, computer section, arranging rooms, etc. Students come with such energy to send in applications, it is fun.

### What are some of your most favourite things in Mangalore?

Gokarnatheshwara temple and Kadri temple are some of the places I frequent.

### What is one piece of advice that you would like to give to the students?

Work hard and sincerely, it reaps great results, as it has been the case with my son who got 97% in his exams.



**Mr. Karunakar P**  
Senior Clerk  
Department: Office



**Mr. Yashwanth**  
Senior Dental Technician  
Department: Oral Medicine and Radiology

### How has your experience with the college been?

Cooperation and interaction with the patients, staff and students, has been great during my term here. I am proud to be a part of the college which I feel, is the best in Mangalore, the faculty, management, everything.

### What are some of your most favourite things in Mangalore?

I enjoy home cooked food usually, specially idli.

### What is one piece of advice that you would like to give to the students?

Genuine curiosity and good behavior in students makes me happy. Chase curiosity, I am happy to help.



## VARIOUS CONFUSIONS WITHOUT A SOLUTION

The irritating devil of confusion has crept into my head  
Who is always at my elbow, leading me to take a swim in the ocean of its abode

My conscience being a hard conscience, implores me to explore the world I dread

Therefore I am compelled to invite this devil to my brain, and walk on his road

So now I am in a confused state of mind  
I am confused why we are complicated and mean  
While it is so easy to be simple and kind  
Why can't we be generous enough to give a gentle smile, the brightest ever seen

I am confused why there is animosity between human and human  
Based on our language, caste, race, religion and colour  
Why can't there be love and understanding between each and everyone  
Haven't we ever been taught about the strength of unity, don't you stop to wonder?

I am confused why we prefer to live to earn instead of earn to live  
Why do we squander those precious moments in quest of materialistic pleasures?  
Don't we ever realize that harmony with our soul is also essential to thrive?  
That we ruthlessly waste ourselves away by all means and measures  
I am confused why we are relying so heavily on processors and machines  
When we have ourselves been blessed with hands and limbs and brain  
Maybe we should covert ourselves into one of those machines so that we start using ourselves, it seems  
At least then we will not sit idle and kill the time in vain

And finally I don't understand why we remain in denial  
After taking this journey through the abode of confusion  
We all find it excruciatingly difficult to ignore this devil's arrival  
And yet we ignore his demands and love to snore peacefully ignoring the solution

## A WALK By The Riverside

The icy kiss of winter had been given to the glorious city.  
It had spread its chilling yet beautifying influence on the evening.  
The serene riverside had greatly inherited from the season and seemed quite pretty.  
The ambience was quite graceful; to the eyes it seemed quite pleasing.  
I was wearied by the stressful daily routine and I searched for some natural harmony.  
The riverside captured my weary attention and I knew at once that a walk would do me fairly good.  
The gentle lapping of the water, the rustling of the leaves through the wind and the chirping of birds culminated in some wonderful melodies  
Though none of these spoke the languages which adorn our tongues, the melodious nomenclature of nature I could understand As nature sung to me, I reflected on the various tensions which ornamented my life.  
It seemed like I was in a conversation with an old friend after a long time.  
I was letting out all my frustrations, all my stress and he was delivering words of comfort to assist me in this strife.  
Along with radiating a soothing effect, words of kindness and love he did chime.  
As my legs carried me along the riverbank I saw a crumpled leaf being submerged into the depths of water.  
In this mundane race of achieving materialistic pleasures we leave behind all the happiness, all the laughter and it takes us a while to realize that wealth is temporary pleasure; cursed all material riches be.  
Love, laughter, and life is what human souls crave.  
In our quest for futile treasures to satisfy our material needs, these essential features of living we do forget.  
We are all awake to the realization that nothingness is all we carry to our grave.  
Yet many of us choose to live materialistically rich lives and die an old man filled with regret.  
The song of nature by the riverside had infused some sense into my mind.  
And when we all realize this really dire need, this solution is the one upon which every soul will agree.  
Darkness was starting to engulf the scenery and I knew it was time for me to leave.  
Nature had had its say to my confusion and I had made my decision.  
Now the warm influence of bliss comes in and sorrow moves out, no more do I have time to grieve.  
Stop chasing and start living are the stairs adorned by content attitude which leads to happiness in precision.





# Unveiling and Dusk

Silently, I listened-  
as noiseless thoughts whirled  
against a panorama of faceless heads..

Slowly lifting multifarious veils..  
intricately woven,  
with- threads of a volatile perception..  
with- Concepts subtly tinged by  
the vanilla essence of Duality..  
An infertile sapling, grown..  
from the very seeds of creativity.

Transient visions,  
Shifting through rose colored crystals..  
The hazel of your eye,  
melting into a thousand indistinguishable  
projections..  
on surfaces- flawlessly chiseled  
by scarred hands of imperfect mortals..

Specks of rainbow colored light  
glittering on the russet of your skin..  
Yet another weary dusk  
evanescent into the sublime night..

Silently, I listened-  
as the monotonous drone of footsteps  
faded into brazen metallic notes..  
metal moving inside metal..  
the distinct clink of a key turning....

Fascinated-  
I watched you steal,  
with the lock picks of a charming smile..

Yet, tediously I wove-  
with delicate fibers of love;

intricately patterned veils,  
to adorn your rainbow face....

Carefully, I concealed-  
your every mundane flaw,  
that seemed screamingly out of place..

Finally, I was done-  
I blinked as I glanced at you..  
Hardly recognizable to me;  
Hardly recognizable to anybody....

Yet, you were perfect !  
I had made you perfect!  
Superhuman- nay, a demigod!  
worthy of worship!

Pleased and proud,  
I stretched my hand towards you..  
and waited....  
and waited....

Your face was hardly visible,  
Yet, I could distinctly make out the  
blankness  
of the expression on your face.

I waited-  
You didn't move a finger..

Pride and happiness darkened into doubt,  
Smile wrinkled into a puzzled frown..

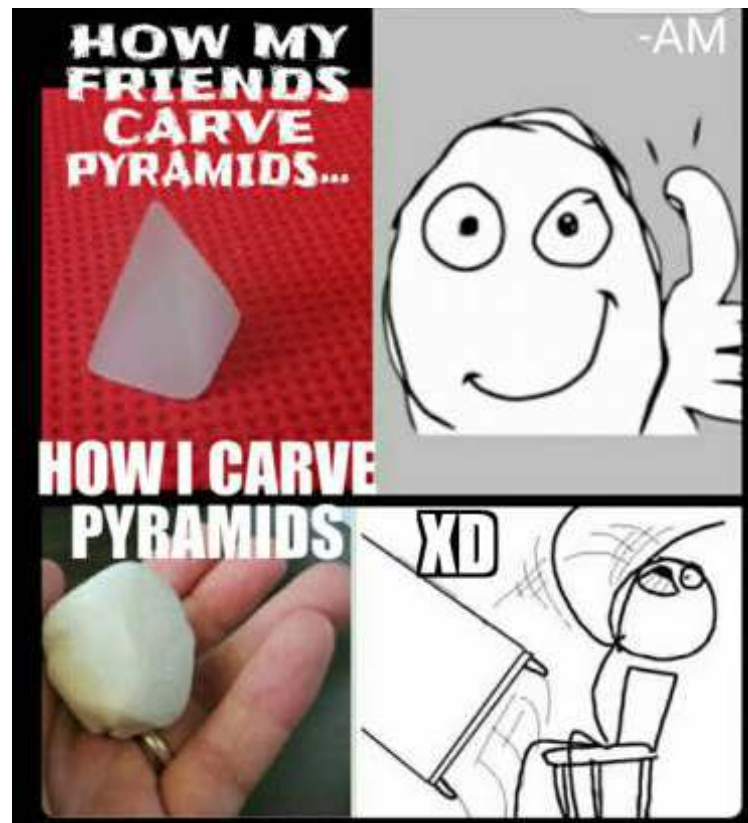
Finally, I couldn't wait anymore!  
withdrawing my hand,  
I raised it to lift your flimsy veil..

And suddenly, I froze,  
with my eyes transfixed on the dark  
depths of your Veil..  
The outline of your face was no longer  
visible....

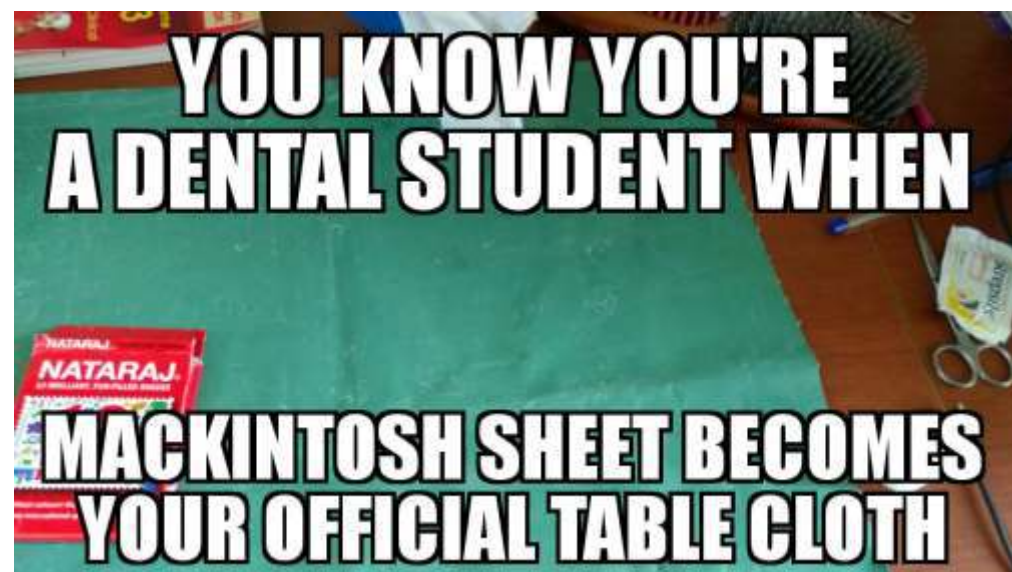
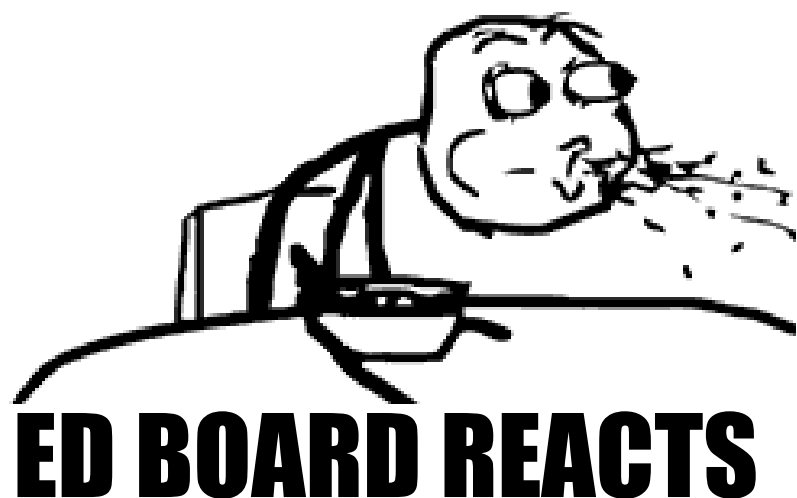
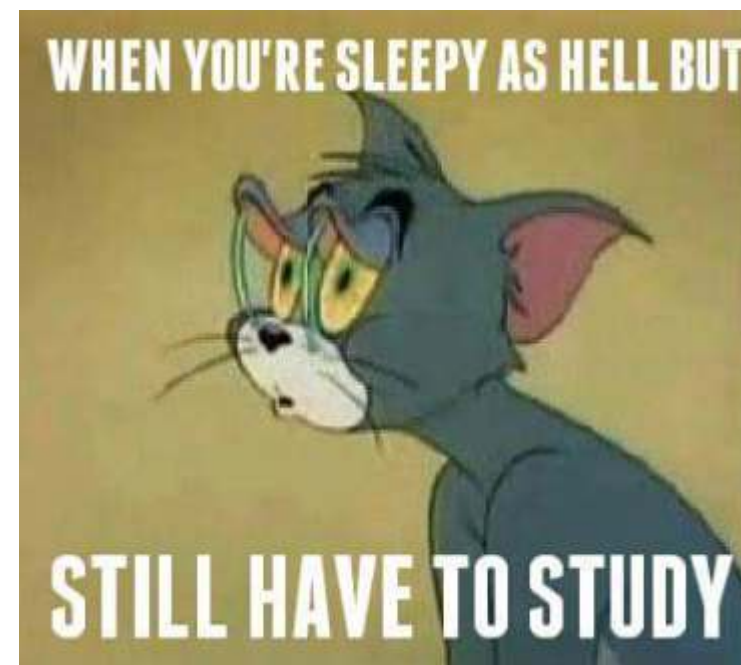
Silently, I listened-  
the soft rustle of a lifeless veil,  
softly falling on the damp earth.







#mememakingmachine





# nilakantha

The One With The Blue Throat

"You are Shiva, you have to be stronger Shankar! Grip the audience, show your energy! Show it on your face, with your expressions! Come on Shankar, this has to be huge!"

SHANKAR

Day 1

It was tiring today. Rehearsals are going on late into the night and I am tiring easily. Director Sir wants me stronger, but of course he is right! I am going to perform 'Nilakantha' at Khajuraho in front of thousands of people in five days! Professionals from the Dance Academy of Paris are going to be there and this is going to be my break!

Oh I remember the day the cast list was put up for the show. I was convinced that Akshay Sir would get the lead role of Shiva. Yet as I regretfully inched away from the stage none other than Sir himself came up to me and said, "Congratulations Shankar. Do it justice."

Those words keep echoing in my mind. "Do it justice." Of course I will, of course I will.

Day 2

Rudra dropped by last night. He wanted to celebrate my success. I've been so busy that I hardly got to see him these past few weeks.

It was refreshing having him out and about at my place again, he was just the breath of fresh air that I needed after such a long day. Oh I love him so much. Hadn't it been for this man I never would have been here.

Our night was long and I woke up next to him, happy.

Rehearsals today will be even longer and my god, it's only noon and I'm already spent! Sir's been shouting at me throughout.

Justice, I have to do this justice.

RUDRA

Day 3

It's all my fault. I am to blame for all of this.

Why did I drop by? Shankar had told me not to, he had told me that his director was a conventional man, that he wouldn't take our relationship well. Only..only it was Shankar's first stage rehearsal today and I just wanted to wish him luck. He's putting so much effort into this show and I just wanted to wish him luck!

It was an innocent peck on the lips, just once! But the next thing I saw, Shankar's director was storming off the green room, shouting at the top of his lungs!

He replaced Shankar, kicked him off the show. After all the effort he put in, after all the work he did.

I wanted to talk to the director, explain. But Shankar wouldn't let me.

He is so quiet, it's scaring me. He is just lying on the couch, his eyes closed.

The last thing that director told Shankar was, "You are not man enough to be the lead in this show!"

This show was Shankar's life. I've ruined everything.

Funny how the real Shiva is called Ardhanareeshwara.

SHANKAR

Day 4

I cannot change myself.

Believe me, I wish I could.

But I cannot.

The television screen blared.

Shiva drank the Halahala poison saving the entire universe in front of thousands at Khajuraho.

Shankar was still. His long black hair fell on his shoulders. His eyes were closed.

He did justice, like he had said. He drank the poison.

Ironically enough, his throat had turned blue.





# A DREAM SO WEIRD

I did see a dream today  
A day nap which should have calmed my mind,  
Has now made it as restless as a boy  
He has doubts, questions and confusions  
They have tied his shoes together  
And now he falls to the depth of it  
The dream showed,  
A pond in front of my grandpa's house  
Lots of fish swimming with pleasure  
But, it wasn't as easy as I thought  
Some others were struggling to get into the water  
I helped them to  
Then I thought,  
How did they do it?  
How could they reach out to the land?  
How could they put their own lives into risk?  
Or did they not?  
The next sight was horrible  
A snake's body,  
Tore into pieces  
It was still bleeding from its cut ends  
There was nobody around  
Except that terrified soul, me  
Was it some kind of warning?  
Was it my imagination?  
which has nothing to relate to  
Or was it JUST A DREAM?





# FAT

Fat. Anyone who meets me for the first time thinks that I am fat (at least that's what I think). And I don't mind it because I am fat and I don't mind it that much. I have been fat since the big bang of earth! Meaning I was even born fat, a kid of 3kg and 600gms. What I am trying to say is that I have always been fat and have heard the fat jokes, fat taunts etc etc. Being fat has become a part of my personality and sometimes I wonder what will people talk to me about if I am not fat! But don't worry. This is not an I-am-fat-and-people-tease-me kinda thing.

What I am trying to say is that being fat has been a boon for me. How you ask? I have always been aware about what to eat and what not to eat, what has more calories, which food item can be cheated upon.

Basically what I am trying to pitch is that I can help you with healthy eating habits because that's what I have been doing since long (or at least s that what I am trying to do).

Being in college and living in hostel makes it a little difficult though, but I think we can manage.

For starters follow these 4 principles of eating right given by a renounced dietician (Rujuta Diwekar)

Principle #1: "Eat some real food within 10-15 minutes of waking up."

Maybe a fruit or a 'maa ke haath ka laddo'

Principle #2 - "Eat every 2 hours."

Any munchies but should be 'healthy'.

Principle #3: "Eat more when you are active & less when you are less active"

Like more during dental week and Utsav and less during those sessionals.

Principle #4: "Finish your last meal of the day at least 2 hours prior to sleeping."

This is the most difficult one with that tuck shop we have but still we can try.

So these are some basic things which you can follow to make your life a little healthier.

Yes I am fat but believe me, I have spent my whole life to try to find new ways to get slim so I know a little this and that about being healthy.



# "LIFE" THE UNPREDICTABLE GAME...

Life the most puzzling and sleazy riddle of times,  
once took it's turn on me....

The purest form of mental torture  
yet people love to be the players of life,  
To every player his game is precious and his chance priceless,

but to the game; life  
it's just a new face that makes it's entry and exit within a fixed  
interval!

As you traverse through the game,  
You rise and fall but yet you would like to prolong it somehow,  
using your inherited strengths,  
the game may sometimes turn you repulsive and impulsive  
but you go eagerly awaiting to see the next...

Always the player wants to make an everlasting mark in the game  
and yearns to be treated like a celebrity,  
The game fore-told has no mercy as it only knows to be  
bewildering,

like greedy burglar you come to life but disappointingly you  
depart with bare arms,  
such is the trickle of this feverish game,  
makes you drop your jaw all the way,  
makes you drop your passions all the way,  
since, every time you open your eyes spell bound....  
Life the most sought after game of all times ;  
given a chance you would love to play it again;  
bewitching you and entangle you in it's false arms  
and keep you as puppet dancing according to it's will,  
for life makes you a clown all the while.....



Jewel Jose  
Batch of 2015



# *Distance*

When nothing seemed fitting and right anyway  
The once confident feet began to sway  
Time and time again the yearning would begin  
For all pre-conceived notions had started to spin  
In the pale of midnight, I tried to take flight  
But my wings were too weak and the stars too bright  
So I waited a week till the winter winds blew  
Stars were shrouded in clouds and the moon was too  
A warm sensation then overcame my being  
Fighting to keep these temperatures roaring  
Not a thing alive witnessed my wings unfold  
As my breath grew quick and my heart grew bold  
And soon I was soaring, oh upwards and on  
Till the sky was all around, and the ground was gone  
And I watched as each object, each person, and each place  
Became one glowing orb spinning slowly in space  
From such unfathomable heights I began to wonder  
Would falling be rough, or should I already surrender

And I thought to myself through the eyes of a bird  
This life and this earth seem entirely absurd  
Then suddenly I felt indescribably small  
And wondered if anything mattered at all  
Like what people wished for or what people felt  
Or whether the icecaps would finally melt  
Then I realized after an hour or two  
That things matter because they matter to you  
Although what you do won't change much from up here  
It can comfort or crush those you find yourself near  
This universe may be enormous and strange  
But look close to home there's much you can change  
And now that I know it, that's just what I'll do  
Informed and enthused by my new point of view  
It seems that such questions as grand as existence  
Can only be solved from a reasonable distance.





# The Ocean

Leave your worries by the shore line  
And run your bare feet through the sand  
Let the water be a soft bed  
When you cannot bear to stand.  
Make friends with the flying sea gulls,  
And hold up the sun to your palm.  
Before you dunk beneath the water,  
Where the world is mute and calm  
Tell the fish all of your problems  
As they all come swimming past.  
When your lungs are so close to bursting  
Swim above the waves, and gasp.  
Let the water hold your sadness,  
And wash it right out to sea,  
So like a message in a bottle,  
All your worries are set free.  
And the sea might make you feel alone,  
But the world has troubles too.  
For how else do you suppose?  
That the ocean got so blue.

Photography by  
Bidushi Ganguly  
Batch of 2014

Shama Sreeram  
Batch of 2016



# Life in 22 yards



Life, in hindsight, is a beautiful blend of myriad experiences ranging from the merriment with the happy folk to staring down the abyss during the rough tides. Further, amidst the various nuances that constitute life, the revelry and the drudgery, there arise some moments, occurrences which transform our persona, lead to dramatic change of fortunes and in turn become the defining moments of one's life. For millions of our countrymen, cricket isn't just a religion anymore but an inherent faith they live in and swear by. It is thus quite fitting to chronicle the glorious times Indian Cricket has witnessed, each of them mirroring the various facets of one's life. The game of Cricket in India started off as an elite sport reserved for the British, the "gentlemen of the game". Indians, who often served them as mere servants were asked to bowl to their lords as the lust for batting was insatiable amongst the English. So, as Indian Cricket developed; more than a sport; it was an expression of freedom and a muted request to treat us as equals. Indian Cricket, as we know it today, is a result of a gruelling test of grit

to rise from the shackles of subjugation, stand up, challenge the odds and fight against the existing hegemony to eventually become a force to be reckoned with. As a young lad with fire in our eyes and a daunting force in our sinews, life soon begins its trials and tribulations, breaking us at every juncture until the grit helps us, go the distance, to the realms of greatness. As the years drew on, Indian Cricket soon transitioned from being a vent for our frustrations to becoming an important vehicle to assert our national identity. The India-Pakistan matches were looked at war without weapons and the cricketers like Nawab Pataudi, C K Naidu and Sunil Gavaskar started assuming Demi-God statuses. One may or may not pursue his passion but each one of us have people to look up to, people we wish to emulate and traits that represent us on the global forum and in turn become our legacy. June 25, 1983 is a day etched in every Indian's memory as Kapil Dev and his illustrious team lifted the World Cup in Lords, the Mecca of Cricket, against the seemingly

invincible West Indies. But the win was more than just a trophy and eleven men donned with medals. For the first time, Indian Cricket Team was recognized as a significant stake holder in World Cricket. To this day, the World Cup victory inspires people to pick up the bat and ball, with a dream to don the tri colours someday. As we drift through life honing our skills, putting in the hard yards and believing the fathomable, we encounter experiences that defy expectations and transcend us into instruments of change and turn us into sources of inspiration for the times to come. Today, Indian Cricket stands at crossroads of changing times, with a row of medals gleaming bright on the chest, and eyes set firmly on greater goals, possibly world domination. Indian Cricket has persisted through tough times, the infamous 2000 match fixing scandal tarnishing the sheen of the sport. The whitewashes in recent times at England and Australia have not helped the cause either. However, we have persisted reclaiming the glory as World Champions in 2011 reinforcing the fact that one has to keep persevering, despite repeated

failures to achieve greatness. But what describes 'Indian Cricket' the best? – Its honors, its medals, its records, its eleven illustrious men who don the Tri Color and win the country its accolades? It's the people of India that make its Cricket captivating, bustling and curiously intimidating. Right from braving the harsh Indian Sun to enjoy an enthralling game of gully-cricket, queuing up long hours to buy tickets to a match, plastering bedroom walls with posters of favorite cricketing stars, getting hooked to TV and Radio sets for the latest scores. It's the 1.2 billion cricket fixated people of the country that work as the sole stimulus for Indian Cricket to achieve the unfathomable time and again. In life too, it is the people which inspire us, walk the road with us, and most importantly exhibit an unwavering belief in us that makes our life an incredible journey. Isn't life just a game of 22 yards?



# The Equipoise

Stone cold silence on the  
Old world harbor  
Know what grows further?  
The bizarre, the macabre.

O hark! Say naught!  
All thoughts lay asunder'd.  
Behold the bold clamor  
Stark, unfold upon the thunder.

Yonder and beyond, past the  
Boatman with the coppers  
Wander amidst Oceans, they  
name 'selves 'mortals.

Trembling, twirling, tumbling through waves and waves  
of turning times.

Times flowing by, discerning cries, it's brevity fades  
the dice rolling by.

Abyss of emotions and craters of notions  
omnipotent, it's quoting – nay – floating  
akin to feathers of free-will fatedly soaring.  
As rodents of portent, sent forth by Odin.  
Wond'ring existence, or existence a wonder?

Baleful bold Bordeaux, the  
Glow of gargoyles  
Hand crossed bosoms, weepin'  
Forsaken, foiled ploys.

'Millennias! Ruling Millennias!'  
They cry, yet seem un-seen  
to the essence of time,  
Akin the serene sere they find

Peeking through, creeping in  
seething ferns of July.

'Larking lies, yes lies. You lie!'  
Millennias' they cry, as each one goes by  
All but naught, these mortals grow wry.  
They fought, now fraught,  
And again they fight.  
Time is a cycle but history is time.

Trembling, twirling, tumbling through waves and waves  
of demonic emotions.

Vanity and mind, apathy and time  
Chiming like this rhyme, charming to hide

the hollow that they all keep veiled inside.  
And once in a while, whence all's alright  
They will swallow their pride, with a promise slight  
to part wrong from right, as the "Laws" abide.  
But oh, lo behold! Witness humility's flight  
Forsaken at the altar as a detested bride.  
A small judgement, a word mistaken is all it  
takes to make them fall back full flight.  
Winter-bleak it is, their future which is  
only as endless cycles of time on repeat.  
Yet some toil for hope – a hope to defeat  
or make it retreat,  
the endless time's nostafarian wheels.

Are the tales of the mort  
reigned in by laws, reigned in by gods  
and their own flaws?  
Where be the hand, hovering above  
pulling the strings, plucking the straws?  
Where be the ink, where be the quill?  
Mere mortals have no sway, no say  
on their own will.

Choices made, set in stone? No  
Set amidst a billion drones  
As a web of choices,  
Choices made. And such of  
Each melded million strings  
That shape-shift to 'fate,  
and to think of it as Prison.

Trembling, twirling, tumbling through the eternal war  
of Fate and Will.

Stay. Hearken. Eyes wide open. Keep still.  
Feel the blood, feel the veins, feel the oceans rivers drain.  
Stay still. Night darkens. Let the breeze in your mind.  
Feel the caressing chill of a midsummer's night  
Unlooked for, never unwelcome.  
Stay still and hear, those voices of vicissitude.  
You're part, you're whole, none lesser than  
the dust of stars accrued.

Time? Fate? Do they carry any weight?  
Nay, O nay. We are the first raindrops  
of the driest of summers  
In this cosmic farm of the bizarre, the macabre.  
Break the illusions, rake all your sabers.  
'Tis not about you, the Grand ending sculpture  
Is all that takes, to break the unending circle





*Batch of 2015*







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# Identity

The teapot wailed its shrill, startling siren. He folded the newspaper neatly and proceeded towards the small counter and sink that he called his kitchen. It was crammed up, 6X10 of what he called 'home'. It was the maximum he could probably afford. He looked at the tattered calendar on the wall. It was the third Sunday of the month. He had procured his papers, he got his passport and PAN card back last week, and his lawyer had not called for a meeting. He sadly glanced at his phone. The pixelated screen alerted him of the daily reminders. He wasn't ready. He could never be. It's never going to be late enough for everyone to forget. It was 8:58am. He sighed and waited those 2 minutes for the daily call.

"Hello?"

"Hmm..."

"You're going to work?"

"No"

"So...?"

"Hmm..?"

"Today?... It's almost been a month. Ma's been waiting for long"

"Hmm"

"Come home"

"Hmm"

There was no dilly dallying today, he knew. He reluctantly got ready. He waited for anything and everything to go wrong; anything to disrupt the

plan. He walked down the narrow dinghy flight of stairs. The walls were just as dirty, the light bulb was not working like ever, he smelled the stench of piss and booze, just like everyday. Nobody knows here, the thought comforted him.

He knew the route, he knew which bus to take, he knew it would take longer. He stood holding the bar as the bus sped along. He craned his neck to look outside. The buildings were the same. They had put up barricades along ITO, he watched uncomfortably as the bus moved past the customary check post. His heartbeat suddenly grew faster. Late October wasn't a good time to sweat in Delhi. He hesitantly looked around. It was the second last stop before Nizamuddin. He'd tried to keep his calm all this time. He had thought about the Diwali Decorations of Mandi House, he had thought about the beggar children about their business at Jhandewalan, he'd thought about the crowd near the temple, he thought about everything he could to keep him away from the imminent unpleasantness. Three years, he sighed, three years. He got off the bus. He stared blankly at the familiar surroundings. He wasn't sure anymore.

He took to the sharing auto stand.





There were a few women waiting in line before him. They were all haggling with one driver. The vehicles sped past, the people hurried past him, some brushed past him towards the waiting autos. Do they know? He suddenly grew nervous. The driver stopped and gestured at him questioningly. He glanced at the women at the back seat, before he stepped back unsure. He waved off the driver as he started walking briskly in the opposite direction. He knew the pan shop owner at the corner of the street, or rather, he knew him. Did he know? He fidgeted uncomfortably, before making up his mind one last time.

He hailed off another auto, muttered the house address. He felt a pang of guilt before saying it out loud, his real address. He felt the familiar streets, alleys, people pierce their gazes through him.

He looked up at the place, he knew far too well. There were boys playing gully cricket to the alley on his right. He could feel them all stop and stare at him, a few of them even whispered amongst themselves he saw from the corner of his eye. He dare not look up, he looked straight towards the ground. He felt a hush fall across the balconies, as the ladies chatting across the crowded balconies of the

narrow street considerably lowered their volumes.

"Theek ho, Beta?"

He uncomfortably looked up at the pitying eyes of the woman. He smiled uncomfortably and nodded.

He left another trail of whispers behind as he made his way through the narrow lanes. He had uncomfortably caught the watchman's eye. The burly looking man, scratched his mouth looking unsure as he smiled mechanically. He awkwardly returned the gesture. He moved past him into the building. He stood at the flight of stairs.

Three years. Not long before. He vividly remembered. It was a Thursday morning. His mother was setting the table for breakfast. He was ready for college, he was going out for a movie that day. His sister was ready for office and she had managed to persuade their father to drop her to the bus stand. The four of them were just about to begin their day when there was an unusual loud banging. Loud enough to arouse the entire neighborhood. He himself opened the door. The brazen khaki clad men stood there. "Ramesh Srivastav?"

He had barely nodded when the other two had strongly gripped his arms. He remembered being dragged

down the staircase, the locality watching silently. He was wailing out, he remembered. He remembered the van that had come to take him away. He remembered the lock up, the stares of the people, the abuses, the beatings. He remembered his father's face, he remembered him crying. He remembered the inspector narrow his gaze as he had sneered at him.

"Rapist, sala"

He stopped midway in the flight of stairs. He turned back. His previous acquaintance, he thought he heard him sneer. The same way. For three years. Nobody cared that he was the only sober person. He was not in that car. He was on his way back with another friend. Nobody cared that he had no knowledge or idea about the crime. Nobody cared that the charges were false. Nobody cared that he had been acquitted. It was a label, he'd have to live with, an identity.

Aditi Sinha  
Batch of 2014



# FROM MIDDLE EAST TO MANGALORE

"Home isn't a place; it's a feeling." I remember reading this quote by Cecilia Ahern and as a fifteen year old, I doubted whether Ahern was being entirely realistic. I mean, how can home *not* be a place?! And as clichéd as it sounds, for me, home is where I grew up, home is where family is, home is where we gather for festivals, home is where we celebrate achievements and appreciate accomplishments, home is where great food is (foodie much?), home is two blocks away from the old but beautiful yellow-stone mosque, after you take a right at Procure Clinic – home is clearly **one and only one** special place and obviously not a feeling! And for me, my home is in the Middle East - the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, to be exact. As someone staying away from home for the first time, I miss the desert I grew up in (and for those of you ignorant souls who weren't aware of this, yes, Saudi Arabia is a desert). I miss seeing date palms and golden sand, I miss the clear blue water of the Persian Gulf, I miss the scorching summer sun and the chilly winter rains, I miss the smell of shawarma and falafel and other local delicacies, I miss Saudi champagne and the bittersweet qahwah (which I can never seem to gulp down without throwing up), I

miss trips to the beach and most importantly, I miss my family! Shifting from a desert to a tropical city with a hilly terrain was a major habitat change – one that I didn't think I could adapt to. But you know what I've gotten used to? Looking at coconut palms and pinkish-red soil, the intense blue sky which seldom stays clear and cloudless, bright-n-light summer days and cool-not-chilly winter months, the smell of masala dosa and idli-vada, the omnipresent sambhar and the less popular tomato rasam (which I'm not particularly fond of, either), going to the Panambur beach with friends and most importantly, I have gotten attached to my batchmates – people who will be my family for the next five years. For every tiny thing that I cherish and miss about the Middle East, I have found an equally good, if not better substitute, in the city where I now live, in the city where I will live for at least the next five years – **Mangalore**. And over the course of the past few months, I've learnt to cherish everything about Mangalore and the city has grown on me. The sun is enchanting as it rises over the city (or so I've heard, since I can never get up in time to actually witness the sunrise), the sunsets are magnificent, the tiring slopes that elevate the city

are always fun to walk down but never quite as much fun to walk up, the auto-wallahs that demand Rs10.00 extra for four passengers seem to be reasonable and nice enough too, the famous sea food sizzler which is a Mangalorean special is a treat for any food lover and the localities are friendly enough and seem to be fond of punctuating each sentence with the Kannada word 'maadi'! The Mangalore rains are subtle, unpredictable and only sometimes heavy – quite different from the heavy downpour back home, during the winter months. But even the rain has helped me feel very comfortably 'at home' in this city, because after all, as I've only just come to realize, home is not a place, it's a feeling!



Aiman Itrat Abbasi  
Batch of 2016







# Campfires

Jagged circles of overstepped grass  
Are embalmed by the campfires.  
The fires give us something to look at,  
Without telling us what to see.  
They keeps us quiet just enough  
So that we hear the cacophony of sounds,  
As they rudely awaken kindling and logs  
And entice them to take on a new form.

We begin to tell our stories  
And we listen, intently.  
The sound of our words becomes one  
With the unpredictable din of the flames  
White noise, turned hottest orange.  
Our tales flicker in our minds  
Take shape and then  
Change, suddenly.

Instead of looking at each other  
We all watch the same thing.  
The fires cast shadows on our souls  
In the dim light; we can see the contours

Of forgotten memories burnt in smoke  
Imprinted on our innermost selves.  
Where our newest and most wild  
Meets what is ancient and mild.

The campfire begins to die down  
And our voices lower in silent submission.  
It is like we imagine  
That we could stamp out the fire  
If we talked too loudly now  
And we cherish what lives in those embers  
We can hardly look away  
From the fine flares, and their finer infinities.

The soft warmth awakens what was once lost,  
To bright neons and bolder blues  
Of office spaces and subway tubes.

Anonymous





# Definition

You are not the size of your waist  
Nor the clothes you wear  
You are not a weight  
Or the colour of your hair  
You are not your name  
Or the dimples in your cheeks  
You are all the books you read  
And all the words you speak  
You are your croaky morning voice  
And the smiles you try to hide  
You're the sweetness in your laughter  
And every tear you have cried  
You're the songs you sing so loudly  
When you know you're all alone  
You're the places that you've been to  
And the one that you call home.  
You're the things that you believe in  
And the people you love  
You're the photos in your room  
And the future you dream of  
You're made of so much beauty  
But it seems that you forgot  
When you decided that you were defined  
By all the things you're not.

Ashmita Deb  
Batch of 2014







# Where is your Boundary?

*Another dimension to responsibility...*

If we look closely at life, we will notice that many of our interpersonal problems in life are caused by disputes regarding the lines of responsibility.

Unfortunately, most of us have the wrong impression that responsibility is a burden. The more responsibility we take on the more burdensome and stressful we feel.

For those who wish to climb the ladders of success, responsibility follows them like a shadow. The higher we go greater is the responsibility. With power, money and status comes responsibility.

We restrict our responsibility to our comfort zones. This feeling of responsibility being a burden is actually an illusion and if we are able to see through this illusion responsibility would never be a burden.

The burden is because we have

assigned boundaries to our responsibilities. We want to take only limited responsibility. When life asks us to cross the boundaries, we resist. This resistance causes the feeling of burden.

If we stay cocooned within our restricted comfort zone, life is going to drag us out of it causing pain. However, if we create a world inside us where there are no boundaries to our sense of responsibility there will not be any resistance. With zero resistance where is the pain?

Doesn't the mother feel complete responsibility towards her new born child? Will she say that she is going to feed the child only between 10am and 5 pm? If she does, she is going to feel a terrible burden after 5 pm which she doesn't. She feeds the child whenever it cries and there is no feeling of hardship because she has not set the boundaries to her sense of responsibility towards the child.

Unless we feel responsible for something we will never act. The first step is to feel responsible. To act or not depends on the situation. So how do we go about removing these boundaries? What has created them in the first place? Our own imagination. It is by this very same imagination that we have to remove them.

Let's understand that responsibility is not a matter of logic. It is in the experimental dimension. When the imagination takes root, felling of responsibility will start growing and when the feeling is strong enough, spontaneous action will follow. Experiment with the magic of taking responsibilities and see what happens.

The quality of painting is the responsibility of a painter. Quality of sculpture is the responsibility of a sculptor. Similarly quality of our life is our

responsibility. No blame is allowed. By taking responsibility we gain the power to change and take charge of our lives. The first step in adulthood is to assume complete responsibility for our life. Followers accept responsibilities. Leaders assume responsibilities. 'You step forward. Announce your presence. Be counted and make yourself count'

**VIRAL DAVE**  
Batch of 2013



# THE MEANING OF DISTANCE

The meaning of distance isn't the same as the space between two points

Because the point here is that you are just as far away from me as we are from happiness

The meaning of distance isn't the same as distant

Because you're just as transient as the smoke from the cigarette I have burning to remind me of you

The meaning of distance isn't length

Because the length of time that has passed is far too much than it takes to get home- to get to you

The meaning of distance isn't speed upon time

Because the speed at which my universe is revolving is infinitesimally slower with your absence

Because one day you appeared at my door- but appeared isn't quite the right word

More like, knocked the air out of me to make my lungs remember what oxygen tastes like

In quite the way I've never fallen

so hard before

You can only fit so many words into a text before you remember you cannot build me out of words

You can only fit so many words into a letter before you remember words cannot hold your hand

you can only fit so many words into a phone call before you remember

that words weren't made to fill this distance

Instead of having lunch with you I tell you about the monstrosity I created for a sandwich

Instead of hearing you sing I hear the weight of our breath because there's nothing left to be said

Because the meaning of distance is staring at the ceiling in dark rooms

Thinking you're there

Distance is day-dreaming about having you beside me

And distance has taught me

To practice being happy as if practice made perfect

But this isn't perfect- But dear God, are you worth it.







# Silt-a-Whirl

They march with the torch,  
They run with it now  
Twirls that crack flags,  
Sweat that they bleed through  
Whether mowed grass or spangled thorns,  
Walked the paths of glory, adorned  
Yes, the story you tell,  
A tale we call 'Victory'.





# Cinecods





# Cinecods

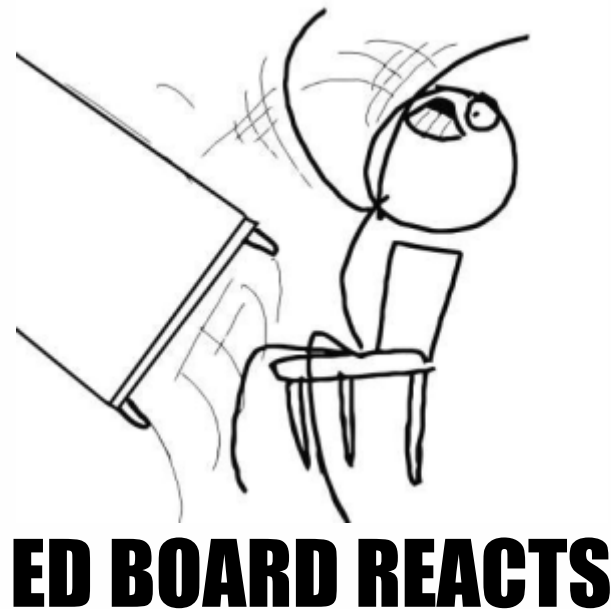
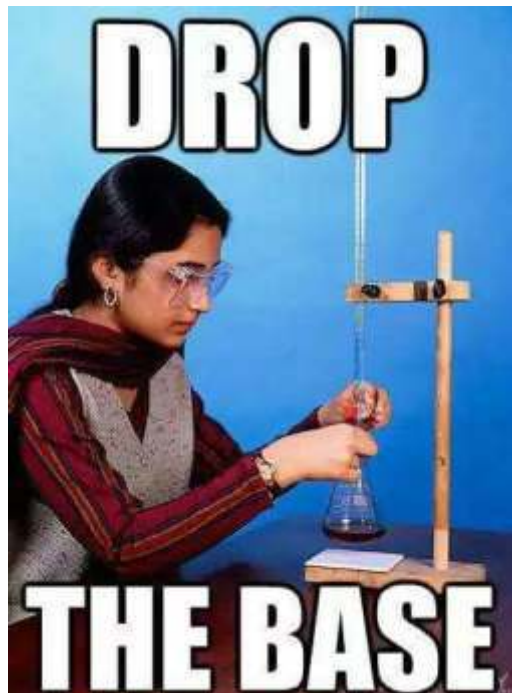




# Cinecods



#mememakingmachine







# Madhatter's Academy





# Madhatter's Academy





# Madhatter's Academy





# ● The Modern Tourist

Years ago, on a safari trip we went through the cold, serene beauty of Kanha. And by the end of it, we had seen every other being there could be seen except for His Majesty, the elusive Tiger. When asked, the guide mentioned something that I found interesting. For such is the case it seems, he told us, that often what tourists here do is that they chase after the tiger, not caring for either the ambience or the lesser known residents of the forest. And once it is actually sighted, one of them will start shouting 'Tiger! Tiger!' even if the beast is barely ten feet away from you. As if in spontaneity, all the others would follow, pointing out to the others where it is even if they can already see the damn cat. "There! Tiger! You see? A tiger?" And just like that, whether out of sheer annoyance of this overwhelming stupidity of it or the overwhelming stupidity of this annoying commotion, the cat in the striped pajamas would recede into the deeper recesses of the forest never to be seen by the travellers that follow - who might actually be calmer, more composed; holding a certain respect for the silent symphony of the woods. The case itself narrates the state of the modern tourist.

Modern travelling, is in such a decadent state. Lacking all thrills of an adventure, lacking the euphoria of self-actualization, lacking the sense of overwhelming wonder. It's become lazy and comfortable, without any trials or tribulations. With the advent of technology, tourism, and globalization, the sense of visiting and experiencing a variedly different place, culture barely exists today.

'Whimsical' is the only word with which the modern tourist can be described. Brazen, lazy and techno-heavy, they are plagued with quirky habits that would annoy the heck out of anyone else but themselves.

For instance, take the case of avid photographers.

Photography is the pause button of life, they say. And it's true. But what should I make of the traveller who lives only through his lens? You were so busy setting up and angling your iPhone camera that you missed out on the final specks of the sunset that emblazoned gloriously upon the deepening valley. Oh yeah, you have a photograph of it. You have it as a memory.



How can it be a memory if you never actually saw it? Or take the case of the Instabagger. It's a new fad, travelling to impress friends or family. It's easy to sort these out just by looking at the copious amounts of photos they take of themselves. The traveller reaches a hotspot, the first thing they look out for would be the ideal site for taking a picture – more specifically whereupon to make themselves look smart, cool, adventurous.



But here's the thing. They are selectively plucking out and choosing which memories they want to keep. Isn't the point of adventure to lose yourself in the spontaneity of memories that you never expected to make; and yet end up being the most worthwhile moments of your journey anyway? The Instagram generation now experiences the present as an anticipated memory.

Then of course who can deny the tantrums of the tourist who's travelled all the way to an entirely strange country with wildly different culture and







customs and habits and still they want it to be like home! Such people can be found hogging the McDonalds in Assam, Punjabi Dhabas in Kerala, Bengali food-joints in Naini-Tal or KFC in Ladakh! But once they head back to their own belongings, they brag about how deep and enriching an experience they had of the regional culture and cuisine.

A subset of this of course presents with the tourists with the question 'which is the closest shopping mall here?' ready on their lips the moment they get out of their carriages.

Which brings us to the overtly enthusiastic tourists ready to jump on a stupid pebble lying in the river-bed so that they can take it home and preserve it as a souvenir. Not a bad habit per se, it simply makes for a funny picture when you see it from the local's perspective.

Enter the all-knowing enlightened tourist. This person has exhaustively researched his trip and knows the destination like the back of his hand. He's eager to tell you everything about Chittorgarh's history and what to expect when you arrive at the Elephanta caves.



Problems arise when they wear this as badge for one-upping the locals themselves, being cynical of anything the locals say because, hey, whatever the internet states is always true right? Right? And finally, there's the 'Indiana Jones' Traveller. They want adventure! They want thrill! They want solace and raw nature. They want to go where no man has gone before! And then they plan their trips, unto where? Tourist hot-spots. But of course, spare no time to criticize it for being crowded!



Travelling into the unknown requires leaving the old life behind. The world we live in goes far beyond our minute creations and man-made romantic landscapes. The true traveller voyages to this world with a blank slate, realizing that there is more to life than himself and his peers.

Isn't it time to break out of the confines of the modern tourist and rediscover the primal thirst for exploration which has long since faded away? Rather time to change the meaning of the 'Modern Tourist', don't you think?



# *Batch of 2014*









# REVIEW : GAME OF THRONES

Creator: David Benioff, D.B Weiss

Writer: George RR Martin

Game of thrones is an HBO series that is depicted from a book named A SONG OF ICE AND FIRE written by George RR Martin. Taking us back to a medieval era, geographically and thematically and portraying honor, treachery, revenge and heroism at it's core. So much story, so much ground to cover, so many fantastic characters. The motto of the show has been same from the very beginning. "When you play the Game of thrones, **You win or You Die.**" The 4 full-fledged battles that have been shown on the show ('The Battle of Blackwater Bay', 'Battle on the wall', 'Hardholme' and 'The Battle of Bastards;') were amazingly staged and spine chilling to behold. Everyone keeps warning that "Winter is Coming", but I can't remember the last series I watched that packed this much heat.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE MAIN CHARACTERS THAT **I THINK** WILL BE THERE TILL THE VERY END.

## JON SNOW

In the episode named "HOME", JON SNOW was brought back to life by the *Red Woman*.

At first she thinks she has failed. They all think she has failed. But then as soon as Davos comes out of the room, he senses something,

just as I know he would. Some of the best

Episodes of Game of thrones are 'Rains Of Castamere', 'Battle of the Bastards', 'The Dance of Dragons', 'Fire and Blood' and 'The Lion and The Rose'. **\*\*Spoiler Alert\*\*** the real parents of Jon Snow are actually Lyanna stark and Rhaegar Targaryen, this was actually a theory which came true after the episode "Home".



## CERSEI LANNISTER

**Cersei Lannister** is a very interesting character because the way she is affectionate towards her house, her children, her brother \*grins\* and yet she despises the people who are not family. Her journey or rather survival has been portrayed rather well.



## DAENERYS TARGARYEN

Accept it, all of you! You didn't even expect her to complete the first season (neither did I). However Daenerys Targaryen has shown a lot of courage, the will to complete Khal Drogo's dream of capturing King's Landing and the Iron throne.



## TYRION LANNISTER

Tyrion Lannister is a badass who is personally my favorite character. He is a complete package of wit, humor and honor.

I would not be surprised even if he forces Khaleesi's hand into doing something of his

wish **\*\*Spoiler Alert\*\*** What if I say Tyrion is not the son of Tywin. If you disagree, remember the scene when Tyrion goes and unchains the dragons, why do the dragons not grill him to death? Why does Tywin always despise His Dwarf Son by asking himself "how can you be my son?" Well you must have made a wild guess till now. Let me know what you think.



Yash Musale  
Batch of 2016





# Utsav 2016





# Utsav 2016





# Utsav 2016





# Utsav 2017





Utsav 2017





# Utsav 2017



# Hostel Life Hacks

We live in a fast world where we'd like to have 'quick-fix' solutions for anything and everything. But more importantly, we live in a hostel – by default, we thrive on these aforementioned quick-fix solutions. Below are a list of life hacks – some dead useful, others just a tad bit silly - to make our very busy-hostel-dwelling lives a bit simpler.

## **Food Hacks: First off on our list of hacks is food, because we have our priorities on point XD...**

- Keep instant coffee, some cereal and a jar of Nutella in your room for Sundays when you're bound to get up late.
- Spend money on local binge food as it is likely to be cheaper, healthier and just as scrumptious.
- Keep granola bars/chocolate bars/toffees in your backpack at all times, since you never know when you might have to skip lunch and work on an assignment which should've been done by now but for some *weird* reason, it's still sitting on your desk demanding your attention.
- 2 magic words – Cup Noodles. No further explanation needed.

## **Laundry Hacks: "I have so much of dirty laundry piled up and I'm so excited about it."-Said No One Ever.**

- Ink smudges on white lab aprons – the single most annoying thing about college so far (I've just been here for 4 months....so I'm sure my opinion is bound to change in the future). Use hand sanitizer to get rid of them.
- I don't know a lot about the world but one thing I can guarantee you is that no one ever made a good impression by wearing wrinkly clothes. So this is for when you need to iron your clothes daily without an iron - Neatly place your wrinkled clothes under your mattress before sleeping the previous night and it will have ironed itself out by the next morning!
- For clothes requiring a quick iron, put them on a hanger and hang them on your shower rod while you shower. The steam will have removed the creases from your clothes.
- Use a hair dryer to iron dresses. Just make sure that you hold it at least 2 inches away from the fabric to avoid scorching the fabric and eventually setting the hostel on fire.

**The General Stuff:** While I acknowledge the fact that the most common activities in hostels are eating, washing clothes and sleeping, these hacks are for when you're not surrounded by food, dirty laundry and a blanket...

- The Scenario: You are actually doing a college assignment for a change, instead of fooling around like you normally would. And you accidentally write something that isn't very relevant to academics (because you totally weren't day dreaming about Selena Gomez/Zac Efron simultaneously).
- In order to make what you have written illegible, DO NOT STRIKE IT OUT. Instead, write random letters over the original word that you wish to make illegible. Works like a charm (and it's a lot more neat)... [NOTE: This one is my personal favorite :P]
- Before throwing away a post-it, run its adhesive side in between the keys of your laptop. It's very effective in collecting the food crumbs from when you were binge eating while watching movies at 3:00am after your Sessional exams ended(or on any other *normal* day, actually).
- If you want to download your

textbook instead of buying it, google up its name + 'filetype:pdf' and you may find it online.

- In order to brush up your concepts, google up the subject matter + 'filetype:ppt' to find lecture slides online.
- Set good songs as custom ringtones for people you don't like. This way, when they call you, you can have a good time while ignoring them.



# The Story of Stories

You may have noticed via the title, that this story is not a normal story, it is not even a strange story; it is unique. You are one of the few and the privileged that in the future will hold witness to this event, telling that it was a thing of wonder and a thing of beauty. You will not praise it for what was said, rather for how it was said. A story of stories is not purely a text speaking of other novels, fables or plays; it is the fundamental beauty which is contained within all great beauty, the time which flies by whilst in a good conversation and the feeling you get after a good meal.

Our story begins here... with you. You are the main character, your life is the plot and the action you make here, now, looking at this screen is the latest scene. Each time you think in your head, dismissing the idea that anyone would fall for such a blatant literary trick, but then teasing with the thought "what if it were true?" yourself. This is all being written down, as even I write and you read.

Of course this is all literary trickery, I am just writing down what I am predicting you will think. But even if it were all a lie, would it mean that life was any different? Would you be a different person knowing that everything you did or thought was being written down somewhere by someone? Would you strive to deal more justly with others if you knew that people would scrutinise your decision later? Would you take more opportunities knowing that one of them will be your "happily ever after"? If so, why not do those things now? Why not work a little harder, try new and exciting things or be nicer to the people around you?

No one is writing your story for you, it won't just magically turn out to be an incredible novel of excitement, adventure and happiness; it takes time and effort. You create your own story; you are the writer sitting at the desk. You can choose to write a story about a person who sits around and does nothing, or you can write a story about a person who sets their goals and achieves their dreams.

Be the writer and enjoy writing it, just as I have enjoyed writing this.

Anonymous







# SCoRE





# SCoRE





# SCoRE





# MAZE OF MIRRORS

Marbled floors with mirror-mere,  
Calls, sprawls for stranger eyes  
Morphed marvellous maze or more?  
Turn mundane to exciting lies.





# GIRL CHILD

A little baby was born in the house  
Ram, a farmer crept about like a mouse  
why? He cursed the man in the sky  
"someday I'll get old", he thought – "and die".  
Then what will this girl do of the farm  
No use she'll have of her beauty and charm.  
A hint of guilt you may see in his eyes,  
As he lay on their doorstep, in the cold weather outside.  
"They are rich and it'll be better for her".  
"I am causing no harm , no murder" .  
He went back to the hospital to his wife.  
Tears rushed down with her cheeks. She couldn't stop crying.  
She was told that the baby was born still.  
She blamed herself, shrieked, "I've killed".  
Who is right, that is for you to decide.  
Are you sympathetic with the man's plight?  
But what is her fault, What's wrong with the child?  
Why are her eyes sad?  
Why is she dying?



# Simply Me

I am a walking paradox;  
I am a cool summer night  
I am the clear autumn sky  
I am a warm winter delight –  
I am a walking paradox!

I am the lightening before the thunder screams aloud

I am the silver lining of every grey cloud  
I am the misty petrichor after a heavy rain  
I am the shy rainbow after an angry storm –  
I am a walking paradox!

I am the guilt following an angry outburst  
I am the joy that smiles through the eyes first  
I am the hug that lasts a second too long  
I am the love that stays forever strong –  
I am a walking paradox!

I am the inner war that rages in thy mind  
I am the soulful peace thou seeks to find  
I am an avatar of truth - a morning sunrise  
I am an illusion well-known - the ethereal moonlight -  
I am a walking paradox!

I am where the sky meets the sea  
I am where the horizon ends  
I am where the angels and demons reside  
I am where illuminated shadows hide –  
I am a walking paradox!

I am the mid-summer rain  
I am the starry twilight  
I am the unpredictably predictable  
I am the obviously subtle –  
Because after all,

I am **simply me** – a walking paradox!



Aiman Itrat Abbasi  
Batch of 2016

Art by  
Madhu Sharma  
Batch of 2015



# MUSINGS OF A BACKBENCHER

Hello. Twelve years of education at an English medium school has taught me it is polite that I introduce myself before launching into speech, else there is a fifty percent chance that I will stand in the way of stones being pelted at me (well saying all these things before a proper introduction also puts me in a similar situation though). So I am Ayan, and though my introduction may seem pretty blunt, but I proudly present myself as a fifteen year old backbencher. I have always been a backbencher. I have toured the entire class and tried every single bench, not because I am particularly interested in travelling but because every teacher supposedly wanted to separate me from my supposedly cacophonous gang. But my sweet sojourn has taught me that there is no other bench in the class as sweet and comfortable as the last bench – it comes with the guarantee of putting you to instant sleep, five minutes into any lesson and it has never disappointed me. At least never in the science classes :)

I have been repeatedly rebuffed and reprimanded for my lack of interest in studies( well my Achilles' heel is science but science is important to pass the examination). But I think it is rather cruel

to label my disinterest in science as disinterest in studies. But according to me and for me, science is a very weak drug- one forcibly keeps injecting it into me but I never ever develop an addiction or attraction to me( maybe I am too thick, I don't know). But I have to admit, that people aren't entirely at fault when they judge me on the basis of my science performance, because no matter how many times I am rebuked, nothing penetrates the thick skull of mine and even when thirty-two kilovolts of electricity pass through wires right in front of my eyes on the blackboard, I feel sleepy.

It is not as though I never tried understanding science or I don't understand it. Yet getting grades in it is not possible for me. I do not understand the reason why I am treated as a storage device and have to mug long notes on simple principles. I hate mugging up principles I think it would have been better if I was made to understand them for some real practical use in the world. There used to be times when I succeeded in memorizing the background content along with understanding the basic principles. But the examinations confirmed my thesis that I am no greater than some storage

chip. I was befuddled by a majority of questions which tested my ability to digest, what I call as , mug-able matter and an extremely few, real practical questions. The hunger for marks, the immense strain to keep a respectable image, brutally murdered my belief in the necessity to understand the principles involved, so long as I get through my examination.

By now you would have received a shrewd idea that I am hopelessly lazy. Which is why coming to the world of senior classes made my faith in mugging up waver. Soon I found myself battling the complicated equations , explanations and theories. I did not understand the necessity of just introducing us to a concept and then suddenly leave it without getting into the really useful and interesting part because it is "out of syllabus". I became used to hearing –"If you study this in future then you will learn more about it". Why burden me with useless information then? Leave it to my "interests for the future" then . Giving an utterly useless overview of an actually interesting fact and leaving it like that sort of kills the interest in the other parts which are actually useful. I don't know how the front benchers manage to keep

their heads on during the useful part, but if lazy people like me are frustrated, we generally tend to completely lose our interest in the thing. There is no in between.

So a loads of things can be blamed for my lack of interest in science- the intense competition for marks, the stupid system of examinations, the vague contents of the syllabus, poor note-oriented methods of teaching, etc. But once lack of interest is present in plenty( I smell an oxymoron), there is nothing that can be done about it and judging me on my interest is rather cruel I leave the judgement to you. But look the world through the eyes of a lazy, sleepy and frustrated back bencher before you pass your judgement (I think I kind of increased the danger meter of stone pelting by saying this) . And make sure you don't let any revered professor of science read this extract else the danger meter for stone pelting will reach a full 100%.

Yours sincerely,  
Ayan, a backbencher





# These Aren't Blues

Ocean blue eyed Serah  
My mind is a contriving box  
A lot like the box I am in or the  
ones which hold our memories of  
days long gone,  
The days of long talks and long  
walks

If only I could get just as lost in  
your eyes again,  
Those indigo darts,  
Barren in comparison  
A fool's paradise for what they  
were

Because I'm stacking up days block  
by block

These aren't teenage blues, Serah

Don't worry now we're fine  
I spent writing of us on toilet rolls  
and passing them under by each  
line

My jail mate's name is Emma  
She listens to me patiently  
Because there's nothing more she  
can do for me

We've both known this has been  
coming for a long time  
I'm losing my will and I've lost my  
mind

My sadness envelopes me for all  
the letters my demons write in my  
head rather than blankets  
Just as well as the embracing  
darkness of a nectophilia's room  
And the only comfort I find is in  
the absence of my note from the  
rat's hole

It's my only way of knowing we're  
not going to die of nobody ever  
having known  
A love so grand it puts my own  
heart to shame because I can't put  
you first anymore  
These aren't Monday blues, Serah

I've been staying awake at night  
wondering if I should tell you  
And then it hits me that I can't  
Hits me like this was a fist fight  
with my own sanity  
And it hits me hard because I  
didn't come prepared  
It shows no mercy  
It attacks and it pounces  
As it's dragging me away from  
myself

My sanity is it's own controversy

I know what you would tell me  
now,

Go ahead

Take a walk

But I've been taking a walk on a  
frozen river of happiness and I  
can't seem to dive in and baptize  
myself

These aren't morning blues, Serah

Happiness isn't happiness when  
you don't want to be happy  
Because I'm dying already on the  
boneyard of broken teeth from  
chattering on sleepless nights  
And I can't love you anymore,  
Serah

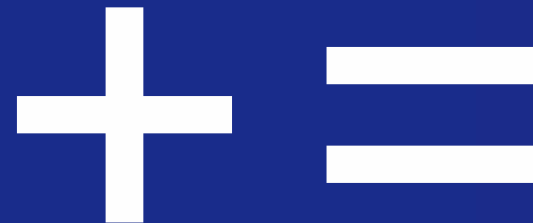
These aren't ocean blues, Serah  
I'm not afraid of dying, I'm afraid  
of living  
Living in the empty cell which isn't  
as empty with the wandering  
beasts of madness,  
I never imagined this without  
warning,  
I never imagined succumbing to  
this sadness,  
And I can never imagine how we  
forgive ourselves for saying things  
until it's too late to say them  
So I'm saying this now,  
These aren't blues, Serah



# Who in One

Greetings from the Maze of Mirrors, O fellow reader! The following pages shall leave you in binds, gasping for sanity in a maze of illusions. These mirrors take your face and mix it with another's. Whom do you see and whom do you not? Guess away the Who in One!

Here are a few mirrors to help you out.



\*For answers refer page numbers 307-311



Who in One

BATCH OF 2016

202





# Who in One

BATCH OF 2016

204

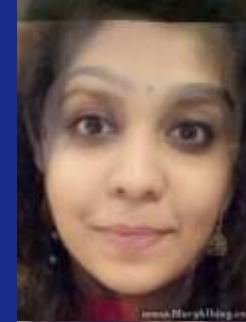




Who in One

BATCH OF 2015

206

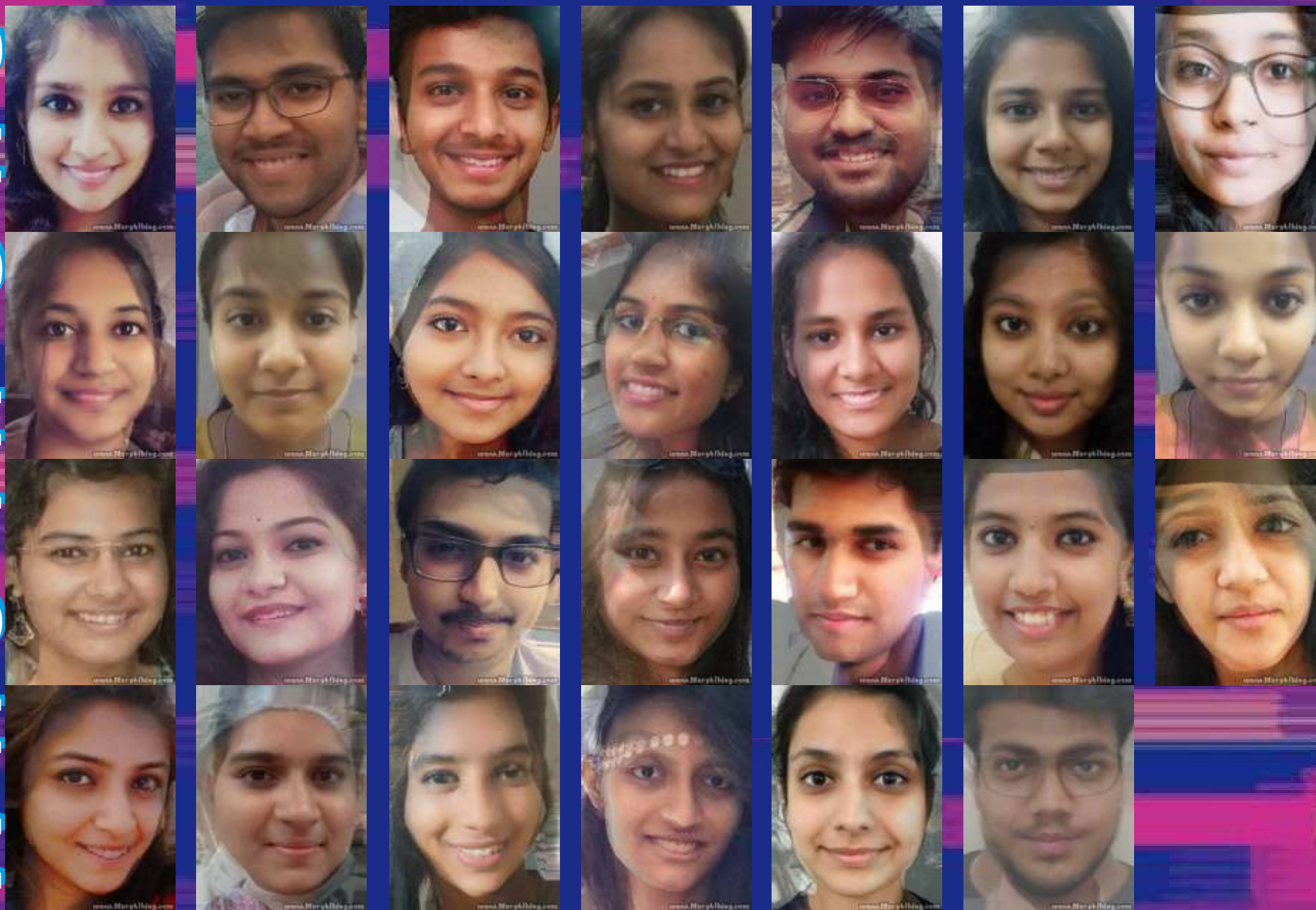




Who in One

BATCH OF 2015

208

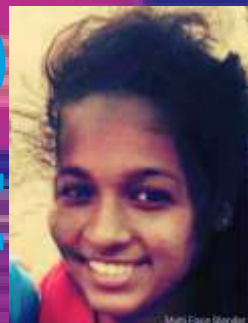




Who in One

BATCH OF 2014

210





Who in One

BATCH OF 2014

212





# Who in One

BATCH OF 2013

214

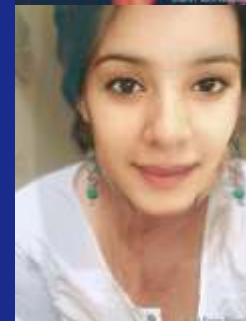




# Who in One

BATCH OF 2013

216





Who in One

# BATCH OF INTERNS

218





Who in One

# BATCH OF INTERNS

220







# What Is Your Favorite Color?

I like, nay, LOVE talking. I'm that person in a group who forces everyone to have random conversations. I love games like Truth and Dare because behind every 'truth', there is a story and I like listening to stories. I love the glistening eyes of people when they are reminiscing their fondest memories. I like feeling their rage when they talk about horrible experiences. The joy I get in having 3 A.M. conversations is ineffable. The next statement that I'm going to give will make me sound like a million - year - old snobby lady but I have to. So here it goes- I miss simpler times. The days when the first question we asked each other was- 'What's your favourite color?' and not 'Are you on Instagram? Follow me, I'll follow you back.'

Having conversations with a person is such a personal experience. It's like walking a boulevard of someone else's memories. Witnessing an incident without being there. Isn't that the way of knowing people? Or we 'know' them because we are friends on Facebook? Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not against social media. In fact, it's a great way of staying in touch with friends and family. But are we making friendships which are strong enough? Strong enough to sacrifice a piece of our busy life? In my opinion, emotional connection is of paramount importance to designate someone as a friend. Otherwise there is a word in the English dictionary- called 'acquaintance' which is appropriate to describe such a

relation. Who will be there when the night is dark and full of terrors? Who will be there to be truly happy when after a terrible storm, you finally see a rainbow?

We crave emotional support but when it comes to providing the same, we take an exit. Our insensitivity towards our fellow humans seem to be the root cause of our cowardice in such situations. If we stay emotionally distant then how will we relate to 'cheesy Tumblr quotes' about friendship and love and honestly, that is a very important issue and we need to be really worried about it otherwise we will be destroyed by the great phenomenon called FOMO (Fear Of Missing Out)

So let's sit in a circle, with snacks and Coca Cola, have conversations which will make us forget that we own a phone, listen to hilarious incidents, pull each other's leg, have heated arguments, talk about life and death (and everything in between), discuss our goals and aspirations, make plans which are nearly impossible to execute, experience the awkward silences in between when someone says something offensive (What? Don't look at me!) And get to know each other. So, tell me, what's your favourite color?



# IT IS NOT SAFE

One day, I ended up in an argument with my father about my being back home 'in time'. The argument started with him saying that I shouldn't stay out of the house post 10pm because it is 'not safe these days'.

While proving his point, he showed me various articles from across 6 different newspapers that only spoke about how men harassing a girl in the middle of the street, railway station or in a metro or a bus. After an hour long argument, all my father said was, "You're my daughter and I care. I'm not mentally strong enough to handle anything related to you which might occur in case of some unfortunate misshaping. Tell me if I'm wrong". I did not know what to say.

The truth is, it breaks me when someone says not to go out alone 'because it is not safe', it breaks me

when parents worry about me being outside the house late at night 'because it is not safe', it breaks me when I've to wear a jacket over a sleeveless top 'because it is not safe', it breaks me when I have to walk through a street with men passing lewd comments, it breaks me when my parents doubt the intentions of my male friends, it breaks me when I cannot sleep sound during train journeys, it breaks me because I've to think a hundred times before I wear anything and go out. It breaks me because I don't have the freedom that men have 'because it is not safe'. I know I shouldn't be stopped from stepping out because of such individuals but I don't know how to counter the statement that my father made, because he cares and what he said is true, 'it is not safe'.



# *Batch of 2013*







*Bottle Flip Challenge*





# METAMORPHOSIS

Layers of bubble-wrap unwind  
Revealing the occurring wafting scent  
Revealing you, the butterfly, you were  
destined to be

Lego blocks have rusted, have had their  
edges peeled off, have had their texture  
worn out, they've departed from the other,  
only being held presently by invisible knots  
of spiritual connectivity, they've come to  
agree that a makeover- an emotional  
makeover is what they require to level with  
the physical makeover.

Your body is a machine, the heart is not only  
pumping life-pumping oxygen for you to  
physically stay alive but if you notice  
carefully, your emotional counterparts are  
sewed with it, they're various strings singing  
a different note and they delicately wind  
themselves around the hemoglobin bound  
oxygen, their years of practice is finally going  
to be paid off as they're ready to perform,  
they've finally acquired the art of  
coordination, the art of sharing and equality,  
they've matured and together they're sure  
they're going to put up a great act.

This singing is nothing but your gut instinct, it  
is what your insides long for. They're  
differently colored to match their role in this  
but very live musical. The pink ones, ah my  
favorite ones, they're the romantics, they  
sigh, they're the Barbies of your emotions,  
they sway their threads whenever you love  
or are loved, they've matured physically,  
they're the self conscious awakening ones,  
they're the touch-sensitive ones, they're the  
ones responsible for your longings. The red

ones have deepened their voices, they've  
resulted in your germ layer scars, they've  
generated your sensitive points, the spots  
which dare not be crossed through by  
anyone. Every time someone does, these  
deepen, you bleed, the threads tighten their  
hold about oxygen suffocating you even  
physically, you become uncomfortable, your  
breather starts working against the force,  
you feel your fists clench, you scream to  
break through the force exerted with every  
inch of you, you call onto your yellow strings,  
you call on to your hope wafting fellow  
threads, they're your internal nurses, they  
rush towards your bleeding with tons of  
bandages, they loosen your grip on oxygen,  
they give you a hug, they empathize, they  
know you're scared of being hurt again, they  
know something triggered that spot which  
once used to be a holy sacred flower to you,  
the flower you couldn't do without, the  
petals which encompassed you in a world  
even Disney couldn't get you in, but when it  
wasn't watered, when the pinks weren't  
allowed to sing, the flower wasn't fed the  
food it required, it withered away into  
nothingness and how you tried, how you  
tried with every string combined to get it to  
blossom, how you clung onto the petals, how  
you sung in every note possible realizing that  
the core was jailed and how the petals  
couldn't do without their pink. How you bled  
through your red, the passion rising out of  
their voices like a volcano erupting and  
destroying everything around it. It left a  
mark, a scar, a bruise which wasn't going to  
be healed because you simply couldn't deal

with another flower dying, you simply  
couldn't let another flower in, though your  
pinks were swaying, swaying more than  
you'd ever seen them sway. The blue strings  
however constantly reminded you about the  
funeral, the ashes, the smoke which inhibited  
your internal breather, which poisoned every  
inch of you, the blue strings overshadowed  
the pink ones, their voices were louder, their  
voices were more realistic, less Wonderland  
and more Earth, you couldn't help but agree  
with them, give in to them, so you  
encouraged them, the pink ones were tired,  
they'd stopped swaying, they'd resorted to  
sighing. Your red are strong though, they're  
wearing helmets, they're protected from  
every side, they're always in a hurry, they  
don't stop for any string, they always want  
their way, they don't want to listen to the  
pinks, they result in your passion being fed,  
you feel a rush, a run because of these reds,  
there's a drive inside of you which wants to  
get you to achieve the pieces which could  
possibly make your void devoid, which could  
possibly replace your flower without having  
to wait for someone else's voice, maybe it's  
time you become your own song, its time  
you make yourself irreplaceable, so you try  
with everything in the capability of your reds  
vehicle and yes the pinks sing cotton candy  
coated notes about your scars fluffing them  
up, morphologically erasing the existence of  
a once lived void but not anatomically, not  
genetically because when these reds stop,  
when they stop and turn to the blues, to see  
how they're doing, to see if their songs are  
less teary, you come to a realization that

everything is exactly as it was, you're  
confused, you rush to your hurt, you tug on  
to it and it starts crumbling, rotting even,  
eventually disappearing into a black hole.  
This time the reds stop rushing, they want to  
understand what's happening, they start  
listening to the song of the pinks, yes they  
sway but in the saddest way, yes they sing  
but the notes are heart-stomp worthy, the  
blue ones cannot stop crying for you the  
reds, they cannot stop crying because of the  
ignorance you've been lifted from, you feel  
empty because you've stopped rushing,  
you've started empathizing, you've started  
pitying, you've started crying, you've taken  
off your helmet, you wish the black strings  
would suck you with their voice, your passion  
lies vehicle-less, you rush to your spot, for  
once you don't run away, you touch it, you  
fiddle with it, it has clotted, but you peel off  
the clot, you scream, you let yourself swim  
in the blood which has now started pouring,  
you don't want to get out, you like being  
aware, you feel reconnected to yourself, the  
yellow strings rush to your defense but you  
don't let them in, you don't let anyone in,  
you just lie swimming and swimming and  
swimming.. till you've had enough, till you've  
sucked in enough chlorine, you with the help  
of your threads are ready to call on to the  
pinks and the yellow's. You've made peace  
with the war, you've accepted death of that  
fragment, you're ready to chauffeur your  
passion now.

Rukhsar Ayaz  
Batch of 2016

Art by

Mohita Deshpande

Batch of 2014



# 2 liner Tales

She craved for attention, all that she asked for,  
A love so intense and maybe forever to last for.

A life seemed less a time to spend with him,  
When not together ... A life was lived within.

Depth couldn't be measured for so deep it was,  
For whom was dug, paid little heed to the cause.

No thoughts just a muscle tension,  
Ambience changed suddenly around her as she mentioned.

Saagarika Sharma  
Batch of 2015

Photography by  
Srishity Goyal  
Batch of 2014

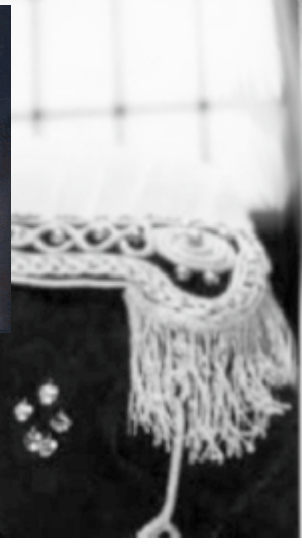
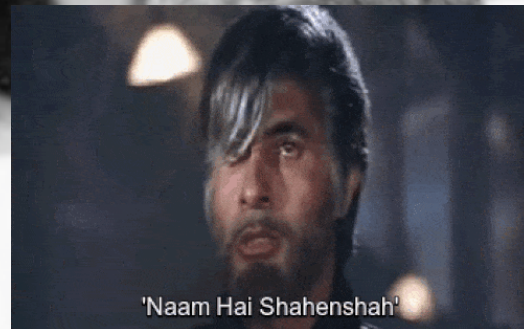
# Letting Go

Exhausted of the grip,  
Fingers bled unspoken words  
She watched as they fell from the ends of her hands  
Until the paper beneath her was smothered  
In thoughts she could not understand  
The words danced with glee on the paper  
As they worked upon forming straight lines  
They'd escaped from their cage where she'd locked them

And jumped free off her body's confines  
She couldn't stop them from telling her stories  
Couldn't hide them by biting her tongue  
So she watched eyes wide open as they shifted  
And each single sentence was strung  
They told stories she had long since forgotten  
Swept into the dingiest parts of her mind  
And stories meant to be hidden  
Ones she prayed nobody would find  
As she watched the word's dances get slower  
And then finally come to a rest  
She felt a smile creep over  
And a great weight lift off her chest  
She'd thought that her words were all worthless  
But the paper left nowhere to hide  
And she finally noticed the beauty  
She'd kept bottled inside.

Anonymous









# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Thrice he re-read the lines, yet they made no sense. All of it were just some dancing alphabets, disconnected words. Yawning, he looked up from the table into the still blueness of the Autumn sky where fluffy clouds fleeced by. To him they created fantastic images. He began to name them- Trishul, Annapurna...

Sighing heavily he turned his gaze back to the page. As the setting sun threw shadows of tall buildings all across the white-washed walls, he leaved through the book and somewhere high up in the mountains the first leaves of Fall twirled idly in the breeze, and the golden dusk lingered on the wooden fencing, emblazoning the eagle's wing as it sore high above the horizon It had been five years since he'd last been to the mountains.

"Taiko!" he heard the plump lady call standing at the low doorway of the cottage. It all kept coming back in his dreams.

Once he got into the stream of his choice, he thought he would be cured of his melancholy concentrate on those big things that mattered. Once again his careful calculations had led him astray. Far from curing him, it only drained him each day. The ceaseless sentences mocked him daily. The monotonous circle of events wearied him, disgusted him. Each time he thought of escaping into nature, the pragmatic voice whispered to keep his resolution firm. He was truly well locked in his own prison.

"Something living might lift up my drooping spirits," thought he.

He arrived the next day at one of those intertwining alleys in the backyards of the city. There in the remains of a rambling old house sat an old man amidst cages of various sizes giving rise to discordant melody. A tiny bit of chained paradise, painted as though in monochrome with vibrant splashes of rich colour.

"A pair of lively finches would do just fine," he felt.

"I would like these. . . Ouch!" he suddenly gasped. Hands resting carelessly upon a cage, a dove deciding to investigate the object had given it a friendly nip.

"Oh you beauty!" he softly exclaimed, stroking it as it made affectionate sounds. Delighted and amused as soon as he withdrew, it gave him a sharper nip.

"Not now," he scolded playfully. The bird however stared beseechingly at him, tilting its head from side to side, emitting soft pleading coos. He shook his head after a final glance, and dejected, it hopped off- limping on one foot.

Suddenly as though thunderstruck he urgently asked the man, "Could you please bring out that dove for me?"

"Ah! That bird! Wonder what's gotten into it today. Sulks in the corner it does," said the old man shuffling over to the cage. All this while the scholar had his eyes fixed dreamily into space as if dreading and hoping all at once.

Once free, the bird flew straight onto his shoulders cooing away merrily, brushing its mottled white wings

against his face. No, he could not be mistaken. Not about the very bird he and Taiko had rescued and nursed back to health- all except that limp. But how was it here? It adored Taiko too much to leave him. Then, had anything happened to Taiko?

Inquiring the man several times proved futile and Brata sensed there was no time to spare.

The dawn after the next found him on an empty platform with Cookrie snugly in a cage. The platform boasted of a single wooden bench, a tiny ticket counter, tea stall and nothing more. The dazzling orange sunbeams filtered through the pristine blanket of mist, suffused soft and pink onto the platform. A tiny electric lamp flickered overhead. Time seemed to stand still and the five years between melted away. Only the bluebells along the platform died and blossomed each winter, swaying to the gentle breeze.

Drawing his scarf tighter he paced up the platform. The tea seller briefly gazed at him. Passengers or even trains were few and far here. He remembered this chap well, but alas, none thought of the poor vendor or his tea even on such chilly mornings.

Outside he hailed a log truck and they snaked along the mountain roads, sceneries and memories flying past- trickling streams along the rocky cliff faces, the ever-smiling face of the natives, the children waving madly at them, the old women with those wrinkles and lines across their faces each telling a different tale.

At about midday they stopped at a little town for a hearty meal and then set off again. The road got steeper and narrower and the sun began to dip below the horizon. Then arrived the glorious moment. Just round the next bend, he looked straight into the blue mountains. As majestic and re-assuring as ever. They had beckoned to him every second of the day. In his gloomiest hours they were what kept him going. Every time he contemplated dying, the thought of seeing them again kept him alive.

Unable to hold back anymore, he broke down into a volley of sobs as the driver astonished, tried his best to help. The chill crept into the air again and the car slowed down, turning on the headlights. The trees along the sides grew denser.

Soon the driver drove the car to a halt.

"There you go. You shall be staying the night at the inn I suppose?" asked he.

One glance at Brata's watch told him that it was rather late- 6 in the evening. Trekking up to the clearing would take him two hours. That apart, he hadn't climbed in years- it might take longer. Still, he was reluctant to keep things on hold till next morning. He had to reach the monastery at its earliest. He could feel the restlessness catching on again.

The driver sensing his reluctance said firmly, "I shall go up with you then. I would've stayed at the inn anyways. My uncle lives up in one of the huts- he'll take you in for the night," and with that he strode off. Brata followed.

Thick wreaths of mist descended down the mountain slopes. The ghosts of the dying season played in the forest- rustling leaves here, whistling through trees there. The mist enveloped the entire world around him, finally isolating him from his troubles. Here in this cocoon, he felt safe.

Together they walked in silence. Every drop of silvery dew from the boughs above, every white flower lazily opening one sleepy eye- he devoured with all his senses. A snowy owl perched high above looked curiously at the travelers, gave a sudden hoot and flapped off on great white wings. Tonight there were visitors- she'd tell the old oak.





Moonlight flooded the meadow above. The driver rapped at one of the tiny cottages, calling out. After a minute or two the door creaked open and an old man appeared, lantern in hand. After a quick exchange of words with his nephew he let them in- hobbling over to the wood fire getting tea ready. The nephew curled up in a rug, fell into a deep slumber.

Hours later into the night Brata stood gazing at the dense pine forest behind the cottage. He'd never ventured there before. But how well he did remember it! He felt mysteriously drawn towards it. Now as he stood looking he felt as though they'd waited for him forever- they had something to say- something urgent or it might be too late. Without realizing, he started moving towards the giant trees.

"Stop!" rang out a sharp voice through the silence. He turned to see the old man. Taking him firmly by the elbow, he dragged him inside, banging the door shut.

"What do you think you're doing, trying to get into those woods? Don't you know how dangerous they are? Once a boy on the other side went in and..." his voice trailed off.

"What of a boy? Who was he? What happened to him? Tell me!" almost yelled Brata. The old man turned round, sadly shaking his head. "Nobody knows what became of him."

Brata found his insides turn to ice. Fear and disbelief gnawed at him. Taiko's rosy face haunted him throughout the night. He couldn't sleep a wink.

Early before daybreak he started off. After three hours of steady trekking, the flags came into view. Nestled into a rocky mountain face, sheltered by the same woods on a jagged cliff stood an ancient monastery. The massive stone walls seemed to frown down upon him. As he went nearer the mystic chants grew louder.

Inside in the dimly lit chamber loomed the giant statue of Lord Buddha- several flames illuminating the serene face. A tour of the far grounds had confirmed his fears. The cottage lay bare, dust lay thick on the window ledges.

An elderly monk lay a hand on his head. In a feeble voice Brata asked, "Taiko?" As if expecting this, the monk answered, "By God's grace he's still alive."

On turning inquiring eyes upon him, he proceeded to explain further. "I see you have Cookrie there- don't know how though. Both of them disappeared into the woods a month ago. Neither have since been seen. We've sent his parents back to their village for some time, and have a new help."

"But how? Who would?"

The monk paused. Then- "Have you seen Asha or Lumfa?"

This had completely escaped Brata's mind. The two leopards would usually be seen strolling the grounds or lazing on the steps. Their purrs and grunts greeted most visitors. They had been raised there ever since they were cubs.

For a moment Brata stared baffled.

"A few weeks prior to Taiko's disappearance," said the monk slowly "they were found by the stream to the west of the woods. Skinned."

Brata cringed.

"Ever since, plenty more leopards about have met the same end. My guess is as good as Taiko probably stumbled upon the poachers in the woods and afraid he'd recognize them since he'd seen their faces, they took him hostage.

Ever since we've received threats to not report about the leopards or Taiko otherwise..."

Brata leapt up. "But we can't just sit mum. Nobody knows where or how he is. And the leopards- how are they to be protected? I can't just sit back and watch them die!" Furious he stormed out.

For two days he regularly visited the stream. On the third evening as he sat there the sunset creating blood red pools in the water, his eyes fell on Cookrie pecking nearby. Of course, why hadn't he thought of it before! He'd let Cookrie into the woods and follow him to the place Taiko had seen those men. He would have to wait till nightfall since the monk kept a close eye on him.

He quietly stole out at night. Instead of the brilliant moon, the sky was overcast. A rough breeze howled through the trees. The woods whispered excitedly, a lot would happen, they knew.

He set Cookrie into the woods, and followed. The flashlight seemed a bad idea but it couldn't be helped. After going a good ten minutes Cookrie perched on a branch cooing softly. Quickly switching off the flashlight, he took cover underneath, eyes growing accustomed to the dark. From where he sat, the stream and Eastern grounds of the monastery were visible. Hours passed by and he dozed off.

Suddenly he was awoken by low voices. Standing a yard or two away were two men- one with a rifle, the other it seemed had laid a trap between two trees.

The man with the rifle crouched silently behind a bush and the other stood still- scarcely breathing, against an enormous tree.

Another hour passed and it was close to daybreak. "No more bloodshed today, please!" he prayed. "I've seen their faces now, I can report them."

Just then he caught a glimpse of a leopard sauntering up to the stream for a drink. The man saw too, and aimed- marking every move of the animal. Helpless, he couldn't figure out what to do. "Maybe if I do something to distract them, they'll leave it alone," he thought.

Just as he was about to yell out, a large figure dropped down from the tree above, pouncing upon the man, and then with a fierce snarl, it was all over. The rifle dropped with a thud. Awestruck, looking closely he saw that it was a leopard- but there was something odd and shadowy about it. As it sat licking its paws, suddenly "Asha! Asha!" echoed through the woods. The animal darted forward. Fears forgotten, bewildered, Brata followed fast. By the stream stood the monk. Once out, the animal leapt onto the eastern wall of the monastery, standing there, a silhouette against the snow clad peaks glittering like millions of rubies in the first rays of dawn. Briefly it stood, then with another giant leap disappeared beyond the wall.

The other man and the fellows of the gang were rounded up. They confessed that apart from poaching they were also part of an illegal bird trade. They admitted to have sold Cookrie to the dealer. Taiko was rescued from a squalid hut at the borders and rigorously nursed back.

Brata became a freelancer working in the mountains, actively involved in wildlife protection trusts, finally free of his burdens in the city. Search as he may, he never did see that leopard again, and each time he asked, the monk only silently smiled.



# PAVILION OF PROPHECIES



*What ye shall seek, ye shall find  
Washed ashore by the tides of time  
Dive deep and have thine courage tested  
The chalice of wisdom lieth here dusted.*



# ADIEU

Shohini Saha  
Batch of 2015

*Just the moment you turned to see  
The small fingers waving from the back,  
And the view gets smaller and smaller  
As the train moves forward, further and further..*

*Ah! Life sure plays certain cruel jokes!  
Snatching away the view from your window,  
Sight that morning sun showed for past seventeen years  
That serenity and affection named 'home'!*

*Exhale deep breath with a pang in heart,  
Look front with glistening eyes.  
Slowly fear engross your head  
Will the new contain same warmth?*

*What if it is deserted with solitary room  
What if no one to see through the pain  
That lies in that frequent upside frown  
Only almighty to pray for!*

*All this just for filling the belly, someday?  
To build the roof that you have been dreaming..  
Standing strong on your feet without a hand,  
Living the life that has been looping in your dreams.*

*Every sweat bestow a gift  
Hope that's pulls us forward,  
When long awaited duty spread the arms to greet,  
As train and morning foggy tracks inclines to meet.*



# BRETHREN ETERNITY

I came into this world, unaware of this unknown  
Their desires, greed unveiling the facts that lay beyond  
my imagination.

Tiny was I as small as a grain  
And as I grew went into a bigger drain.  
So lonely I cried,  
Is this the world? So dried

Loved ones warmed with affection and warned with  
stern,  
But little did I notice, that now was my turn.  
This life got goods, This life got me bad  
But my colorful imagination turned into a nightmare  
and;

The friends I made were different when I met;  
But were these real or just the colors they reflect.  
With each dawn and each dusk, I came to a point where  
I had a decision to make,  
Whether to believe;  
Or were they all just fake.

With new relations as I initially rose up high,  
Was now making me cry and creating a desire to lie.  
Was this the world, Oh! My parents said  
Never did I realize until the actual book I read.

Tonight I stand in a place so hard,  
Coaxing me into dilemma all so charged.  
I found inner soul weeping,  
To unveil the truth this life was keeping.

How does innocence survive?  
In this world where indifference and hypocrisy drives.  
I want some peace and hope in which,  
I can barely exist.

God give me strength to adapt to this harshness,  
As I have given up on all the darkness.  
I decide to choose or not to choose,  
I am the only one who is to lose.  
So, let's see where this story ends  
As tomorrow will be another day making my heart  
ache and bend.

Saagarika Sharma  
Batch of 2015







# UNCERTAIN. ALONE. CREATED BY IMPERFECTIONS.

So much has changed in the past few months; the expected is what kept me steady, the unexpected is what changed my life. As always, I tried to detach myself from outcomes. Travelling helps make great memories, but I hate clinging on to them. That being said, it still does not stop me from chasing after what I want. It helps me accept the reality that the things we want the most, never really come in the same form we imagined them to be!

One of the biggest lessons I've learnt is allowing myself the permission to go through the hardest, and trying to be content with wherever life takes me. Even if the result doesn't conform with my expectations, I've learnt to hope that it takes me closer to what I actually need.

When I think of who I was, before I was molded into who the world wanted me to be, I've come to realize that comparison lies at the core of a lot of unhappiness. With my own experience, I know I'm most susceptible to falling down the rabbit hole of comparison when I stop focusing on my own growth and start using other people's measures of success. Comparison is what prevents us from embracing what is uniquely ours.

So, in an effort to discover my true self, I've learnt to fade into the distant background, where I am able to evaluate what really matters, what always did, and what never will.

At the end of the day, I guess that is what growing up is all about- trying to enjoy it while it lasts and letting it go when we can!

*Photography by  
Debangana Mukherjee  
Batch of 2016*

Saisaumya Tiwari  
Batch of 2016



# Count Your Blessings!

"There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle."

- Albert Einstein

Life is always at a turning point. It often proffers some of its precious pearls of wisdom from its vast ocean of experiences, which has an uncanny knack to put things into perspective. This lesson of my life was gleaned from a series of incidents last year.

Born and brought up in Dubai; I led a happy life with my family. All our happiness was suddenly shattered; when my father's unemployment swept

by like a strong gust of wind last February and we had to relocate back to Kerala. Our world was rapidly changing and it was a difficult time for all of us. Nevertheless we believed that things would turn around and it was all going to be fine. As months passed by; hope was gradually slipping away a bit by bit. We still held on waiting for a wonder to happen. No matter how many plans you make or how much in control you are; destiny plays a different game. After nearly a year of anticipation; my father finally got the call to return to Dubai. As we thought life was drifting back to normalcy; little did we know what we were about to stumble upon. My father, a perfectly healthy 51 year old man; went for an executive check up and was unexpectedly diagnosed with renal cell cancer. He needed a radial nephrectomy. Shattering as it was; the extent of the tumor was shocking as my dad was

absolutely asymptomatic. The surgery was performed shortly. By God's grace it was a success. There was no further news regarding my father's job prospects since he couldn't report on time. Yet, we were glad and thankful for the timely diagnosis as even the doctors expressed it truly was a miracle. After a month; not only did my father recover well but he also got his job back. If not for the fact that my dad was unemployed then; the likelihood of him going for a similar checkup and diagnosed early was little.

Looking back; I now realize every incident was interconnected and served a greater purpose. Once you start looking for miracles it's so humbling to discover so much more than you ever dreamed of and appreciate how undoubtedly blessed we are. It's indeed a priceless testimony of my life; forever etched in the deeper recesses of my memory.

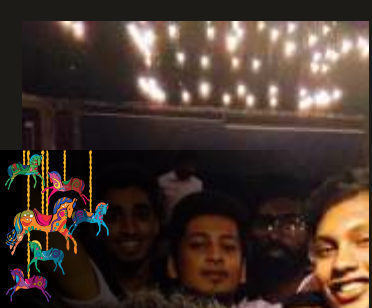
Just like John Green says; "everyone gets a miracle. Like, I will probably never

be struck by lightning, or win a Nobel Prize, or become the dictator of a small nation in the Pacific Islands, or contract terminal ear cancer, or spontaneously combust. But if you consider all the unlikely things together, at least one of them will probably happen to each of us. I could have seen it rain frogs. I could have stepped foot on Mars. I could have been eaten by a whale. I could have married the Queen of England or survived months at sea. But my miracle was different. My miracle was this: out of all the houses in all the subdivisions in all of Florida, I ended up living next door to Margo Roth Spiegelman."

We are all so blessed but the problem is that some count their struggles, obstacles and challenges while others count their blessings. Even if most days or months of our lives aren't as blissful and fulfilling; its few experiences like these which make it all totally worth it. So dear friends, count your blessings as often as possible; knowing that every breath is a miracle and every moment a piece of good fortune and you'd soon accomplish the power of transforming 'your struggles' into 'your blessings'.

Achsah Ann Thomas  
Batch of 2014





# Batch of 2012











# THE DEATH OF A STORY

Tick-tock-tick. My eyes wander to the watch kept beside the unfinished plate of scrambled eggs on the table. 12.05 in the night. Loreena McKennitt's "Dark Night of the Soul" plays in my earphones. I look at the sheet of paper in front of me. The unkempt writings on the pages had gladly passed beyond 6 sheets. I curse myself.

*"Then there were the Sunday nights, reading out newspapers to my brother even if I didn't understand them. Did not matter to me, for I reveled at making him happy, a strange warmth surrounding us that I only felt during those Sunday nights, shining bright below the wishing well. I had no wishes to make."*

I read it again, my tired red eyes squinting from trying too hard to find any relevant words or sentences to cut. It's already six pages for what should have been a two page story. And it's yet to reach it's featured length. I sigh.

I sip some of the coffee that has sunk to the bottom of my mug. It's gone cold. Maybe I should make some more. It's going to be a long night. I turn around to look for the kettle. There's clothes lying all around the small, dingy room. The radio lay

broken atop the sofa. Oh yes, I have to get that fixed tomorrow. And there it is. Like a trophy, it stood proudly upon the kitchen-stand far into the distance over hills of clothes and little rivers of hovering, crawling scraps of paper.

Hope abandons me. I take an offhand guess as to the distance between the kettle and me. And I factor in the amount of energy I have left and the work still at hand. A herculean task, I decide, nodding judiciously. I force myself back onto the half-scribbled paper upon the desk, staring at me like a pup wanting to get fed. I take a good long look.

*"I reveled at making him happy, a strange warmth surrounding us that I only felt during those Sunday nights..."*

I assume the pen in my firm grip and have it running along the paper.

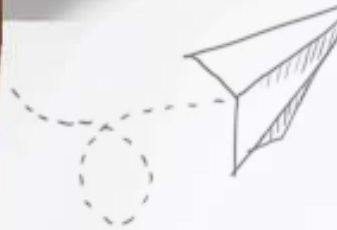
*"I reveled at the strange warmth we only felt during those Sunday nights..."*

I read it again, quietly celebrating having done a good job in shortening that sentence. But doubts creep in. Isn't the meaning of the paragraph getting changed? Also, it doesn't sound as good as it was. I lay around my eyes on several other passages.

What if I'm being too subtle for my own good? Would any reader understand? A few will, a few always do. Maybe I can add a line to make it a little more obvious? Just a line. After all, I don't like hammering my thoughts into my readers' skulls. And then I recall I had set out to shorten this story, not add further lines to it!

I resort to doodling cartoon heads on the corner of the sheet - a measure to check my anxiety. I have to send this sheet to the Editor within 8 hours, I say to myself. Great hells, that woman! Always getting on my tail, trying to beat out stories from me with her shrewd words. Chills transpire through my nape, for reasons I cannot comprehend. Kill the doodle! A voice commands. I oblige, scribbling with my pen and hoping that my sin stays concealed.

And back to the story again. My annoyance has reached it's zenith. I'm







supposed to be easy! There's barely any time left for me to jot down the story I want to submit for the NaShoWriMo. Being a washed up YA Novelist has done nothing to curb my arrogance and contempt for the format, it seems. But it is what it is. I had no grip over my **unfortunate** Rat bastard phases, and maybe I still don't.

I realize I am wildly off the rails. I shake myself back to the letters that still stared at me, this time with the malicious hunger of the devil. I sigh and read the entire story from the very first word till where it last stands. Here in these pages lies a fascinating story, one of the best I've ever thought of. Not my old crap with the usual blood and gore galore but a story that actually meant something. A story of a young girl and her brother in pre-1947 Palestine, living beneath a wishing well. Whereupon, the elder one goes and lures the tourists to the well and the girl collects the coins. And then of course the Arab-Israel war breaks and tragedy befalls. This is supposed to tackle some of the heaviest ideas I've ever dared to put across this oversensitive country. This was supposed to voice my incredulity at the alarming levels of nationalist sentiments I see being waved around.

Of God's purpose, having not himself creating any divisions between any of the nations that exist today. This was supposed to put me back on the radar! But, the story seems to have outgrown its length of three pages. I can see no fat in any of the pages I've written.

The watch clocks at 1.45 am. O holy flying marsupials! What witch-craft is this supposed to be? Where is the introduction, where is the structure? Where is the character development, where is the setting? Where are the descriptions, the long introspective conversations?

*"Whose fault was it? My brother was intent on it being the Jews'. And Ibrahim said it was otherwise, for it was the right of Zionists to have belonged there where their forefathers grew."*

Nope. This is far too hammy. I tear out the paper and project it towards its withered pals, lying on the floor. I look at the watch again. 2.34 am. I have given up on the story. I think of saving it for a longer form. Maybe it's just not time for it to see the light of the world yet. But I am unsure if I shall still have the same passion for it then. About five hours are left before the Editor trots in with the tap-tap of her foreboding walking cane,

oversized glasses, and furrowed brows. Yes, there is no choice to make. I must get hold of another idea. I have my eyes closed. I jump in real time from science fiction to contemporary to Kubrick films and back to my medieval beginnings. I scale through all conventional, unconventional narratives, structures. From the deepest dungeons to the highest peaks I search for the one lead that would make my story stand out.

I snap open from my accidental slumber by the barks of Ruffo on the street. It's 3 in the morning then. I sigh yet again. "Here Comes the Sun" is playing.

Brainstorming used to be so simple in my wee days. It is indeed a wonder, how children come up with the most incredible plots and ideas, having no fear for the scrutinizing judgement from the adult world. And the scope of some of them is indeed breathtaking to just behold. I myself remember writing something about a zombie uprising in the slaughterhouse wherein the hanging meats would arise to take their wrathful vengeance upon humans. I was five.

What happened to me? What happens to us on growing up? It's 4 am. And I have a brazen smile

plastered across my face. It's the same ecstasy that I had felt writing my very first novel, 'The Moonrise Butcher'.

I see the light at the end of the tunnel. My limbs are silently shaking, struggling to keep the excitement within. I smile. I finally know what I will write. I know what I can write. The ability of a good writer, they say, is not to turn out an extraordinary plot – no, no- but rather, to make the ordinary seem like magic. I laugh. The easiest short story that I could ever write was always in front of me, hidden in plain sight. Easiest, and yet the most unorthodox.

I take a deep breath in. With a tap, I tune in to Regina Spektor's "On the Radio". Like a longsword, I have the pen held firm within my grasp. My bewitched fingers twitching. With a final impetus, I smite the paper with the nib of my pen.

*"Tick-tock-tick. My eyes wander to the watch kept beside the unfinished plate of scrambled eggs on the table..."*

Siddharth Maitra  
Batch of 2014





# Familiar strangers

There had always been a question at the back of my mind-why is it that 'they' are not accepted in the society? 'They'- the familiar strangers. Wondering who they are, are you? The transgender or the prostitutes or even the homosexuals. Yes, it is them I'm talking, or rather, writing about. Our society brags of being 'broad-minded'. They are ready to accept anything and everything, they say. Love and marriages are not restricted within the walls of casteism, anymore. We go to the parties, drink and smoke openly, wear appealing dresses, and we are ready to have no-strings-attached relationships and what not! Well, there is no problem regarding that. But is that 'broad-mindedness' all about? When you have the right to fall in love with anybody you want, why do you mock at if a girl and another girl sleep together or walk hand-in-hand or a guy kisses another guy? Can you show me a

set of rules where being a gay or a lesbian is a crime? We accept the 'illegal' activities (which are many) but aren't able to accept these innocent lovers. Incredible, aren't we?

Then again, there are those abandoned people known as the "eunuchs". They are perhaps the greatest source of mystery in the society! I'm not aware if you all have read it, or if you remember, there is a hormonal problem that results in 'adrenal virilism' and that is responsible for the condition of the eunuchs. People take them to be a boon from God and give them alms, take their blessings and when they are gone laugh at them. Why such hypocrisy? They needn't be feared, they aren't tigers, and they are as much human being as you or me. We shout for feminism, because women were once neglected in the society. But is there one person who would raise

voice for preserving the dignity of these 'neglected' ones? Why cannot we be broad-minded enough to employ them, at least in petty jobs? Have you ever 'talked' to one of them? I have and so I know how sincere and good-at-heart they are. Even when the transgender act had been passed, people were infuriated with the government. They said competition would increase, there would be reservations for them. I say, let it be. At least, they will finally be able to 'belong' to the society. Being a 'general' candidate myself, I do have grudges against the reservation system but if it is for the Trans-genders, I would never protest. And I think, nobody should. Let them not curse themselves to death. They deserve a life too, as beautiful as yours or mine.

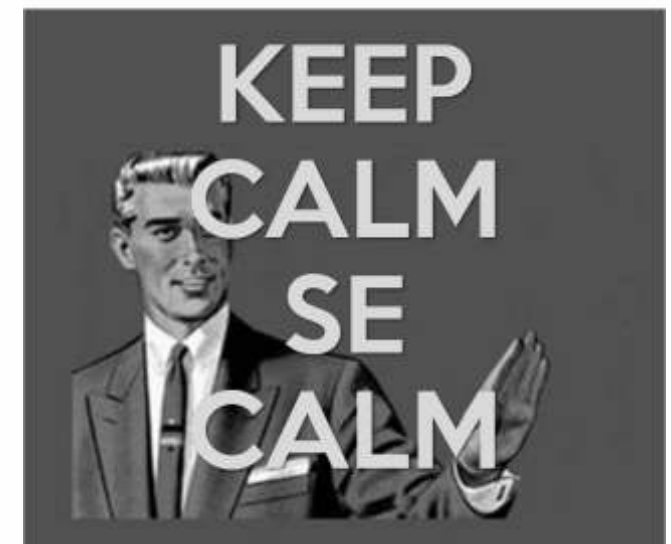
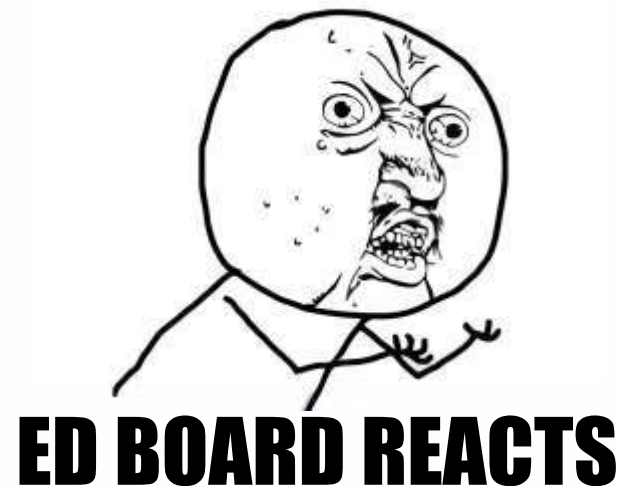
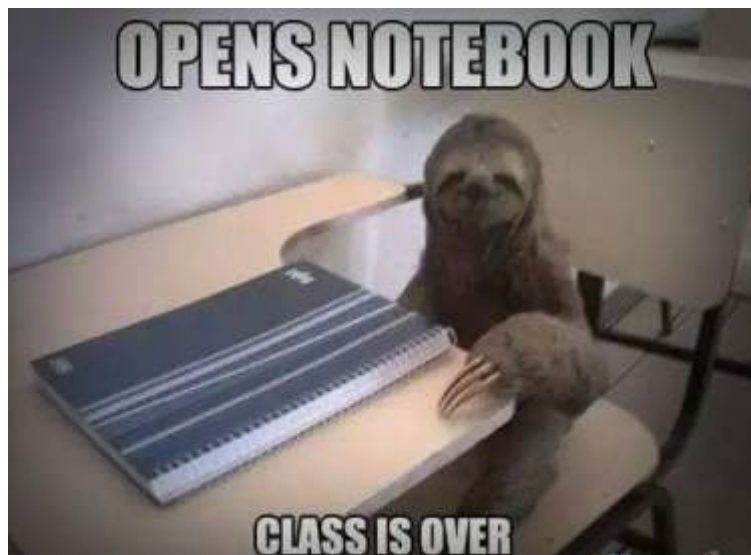
And now comes the category of those unfortunate souls whom we call the 'sluts' or 'prostitutes'. These people who take up sex as

their profession are spat upon. Just because they are not educated or wealthy enough, they are so much looked down upon. Whereas, when it comes to porn stars, people don't mind seeing them *act*. They are both involved in the same job and whereas the latter exposes it, the former tend to keep it concealed and often times 'intimate'. All I want to say is accept these variations in the society. After all, variety is the spice of life. And if you cannot, at least don't go about saying you're broad-minded 'cause actually, you aren't!

Shubham Agarwala  
Batch of 2013



#mememakingmachine







# "Catch a habit now"

Here is a simple rule...

It is better to catch a habit before it catches you. The moment you catch a habit, it is for you to decide whether to retain it or shed it. But, if the habit catches you, then it will be difficult for you to decide, rather the habit decides for itself.

People say, "I can control myself even if I am exposed to all bad things." Why get dirty knowingly and then go for a shower to get cleaned? So, what's the solution? The answer is in the magic of 21 days. Even amateur psychologists will tell you, 21 days is the period when a habit is formed or by staying away from something for 21 days a habitual pattern is broken. You do or don't do anything for 21 days, you cross the psychological and mental barriers. After 21 days, you hit

a habitual pattern which is difficult to stop. Or, after 21 days, you break a habitual pattern and liberate yourself from a habit.

Getting up early in the morning isn't a Herculean task? Practice waking up early for 21 days and watch what happens. Some don't enjoy fruits and salads. Eat for 21 days and you will develop a tongue for it. The habit of reading is dying and reading good books can be one of the best intellectual exercises. Read for 21 days and you will develop a mind for it. Swimming, dancing, cooking, anything and everything is possible by practicing for 21 days.

Haven't you noticed that when you set your wake-up call for 6:00 a.m. and get up for 21 days, you reach a stage when you start waking up even before the wake-up call rings.

This is the magic of 21 days. But does it really work for everyone, or are these just the experiences of a couple of individuals?

The reality is, habits are easier to make than they are to break. If you repeat a behavior often enough, those synaptic pathways are going to get worn in. The human brain is a very adaptive piece of machinery. But does that take 21 days? Who knows? Everyone's brain is different, and habit formation also relies on aspects of experience and personality.

Breaking a habit is a lot more complicated, because while parts of those worn-in pathways can weaken without use, they never go away. They can be reactivated with the slightest provocation. If you've ever tried to quit smoking, you already know this. You can go

a year without a cigarette, and then give in one time and BAM, the habit comes right back.

Changing a habit is never that simple. If it were, overeaters would all be thin, alcoholics would never relapse, and everyone would be up early enough to eat a healthy breakfast before work.

But there are some steps you can take to increase your chances of success in the endeavor, including:

- Take small steps.
  - Only try to change one habit at a time.
  - Repeat the behaviour you're aiming for as often as you can.
- The more a behavior is repeated, the more likely it is that it will become "instinctive."



Q. High point of life  
A. Definitely my Childhood

Q. Low point of life  
A. Life after marriage(haha)

Q. Best thing about being a professor  
A. The interaction you get with your students

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken  
A. Changing my profession, from industrial to teaching side

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?  
A. The Village

## DR. RAVINDRA KOTIAN

Q. If you were a flavor of an ice cream, what flavor would you be?  
A. Gadbad

Q. Your weirdest quirks?  
A. I sometimes irritate my friends

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?  
A. watch TV  
Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?  
A. Eight

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?  
A. Half an hour

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?  
A. Staying on their mobiles the whole day

Q. what is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?  
A. I have failed a few sessional exams up till tenth grade. Never after that.

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?  
A. I'd stay in Mangalore itself

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?  
A. I Think my hands would be enough

Q. what is the one thing that you're afraid of?  
A. darkness

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?  
A. Quality

Q. what do your friends and family know you as?  
A. Ravi

Q. Do you like your handwriting?  
A. yes I do

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?  
A. Im a jack of all traits





What would be a high point of your life?

Present status only, high point of my life. (laughs)

What would be the low point of your life?

Never had a low point as such. But it would be when my grandmother passed away.

What is the best thing about being a professor?

You get to guide people and you don't have to do much work and delegate works to other. (laughs)

What's the biggest risk you've ever taken?

Driving without a seat belt.

What song describes your current state of mind?

I'm not good at songs. Okay, any song which describes work, work, work, work?

What's your favorite food place in Mangalore?

It was Mainland China. Now it would be Barbeque Nation.

If you could be a flavor of Ice-cream what would you be?

I would be the Mixed dry-fruit kind.

What would be your weirdest personality trait?

I use lots of 'so's and 'if's and 'but's in my speech.

If you were stranded on Mars, what would you try to do for fun?

Oh, I would be the happiest person! No need to talk to anyone. Just doing some research over there.

On a scale of 1 to 10, how cool are you?

Six.

How long does it take for you to get ready in the morning?

20 minutes.

What compliment do people give you the most?

That I look like Kamal Hassan. Around 40 people have told me. I keep a record of who said that.

One fashion trend you just don't get among students.

They colour their hair green, yellow and then they paint their nails with suns and stars. Which anyway get covered in the shoes.

What is the lowest score you've ever got in a test? .

66% in Hindi.

Have you ever cheated on a test?

Yes. On Gandhian studies.

If you could teleport to a place where would you go?

Nice question. It would be a Space station.

One thing you're afraid of?

I'm afraid of being alone. I mean, I want to be alone. But I'm scared of being alone.

What's the one thing you're most conscious about yourself?

My eyes.

What do your friends or family call you?

Most of them call me Sri.

Do you like your handwriting?

Yeah, I like my handwriting.

What would you say is your special talent or a passion?

I do a lot of Origami. I can build things out of paper.

**DR. N. SRIKANTH**





Q. High point of life

A. When I was the first one from my college to clear the all India entrance exam

Q. Low point of life

A. Leaving this college and going to Bangalore for a while. But I came back so it's all good.

Q. Best thing about being a professor

A. You get the authority to put up your own show as a professor and HOD

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken

A. Can't recall right now

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?

A. Sizzler Ranch

Q. If you were a flavor of an ice cream, what flavor would you be?

A. Chiku Almond

Q. Your weirdest quirks?

A. I've been told I'm a little loud

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?

A. I'll take my mobile and play Candy Crush

Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?

A. 8

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?

A. Fifteen minutes

Q. what compliment do people give you the most?

A. I can tell loads, but its generally things like I'm very bubbly and cheerful

Q. what is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?

A. I used to get terrible marks in Hindi. Out of 150, I got an 8

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?

A. I think students should dress according to their surroundings and situation. What I mean to say is, a swimsuit is perfectly fine in pool, and a dress at a party. But when they are in the clinic, they should make sure their clothes are appropriate.

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?

A. I'd always to somewhere where everyone is having fun

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?

A. I'll use a gun from afar, so I can run away!

Q. what is the one thing that you're afraid of?

A. Spiders, water, many things actually.

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?

A. Quality but the quantity also matters

Q. What is the one thing you're the most conscious about?

A. When my straightened hair become curly

Q. what do your friends and family know you as?

A. Aatu

Q. Do you like your handwriting?

A. yes I do

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?

A. I like to draw, I like to paint. If there's music, then I cant just sit, I love having fun.

**DR. AARTHI RAO**





Q. High point of life

A. Many, actually. Right now I just got approved for my Phd.

Q. Low point of life

A. When I feel as if after I have taken a class, the students have not understood what I was trying to explain to them.

Q. Best thing about being a professor

A. Getting to interact with students

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken

A. Implementing new ideas that I learnt about in a teacher's training program. There was always a risk that it wouldn't work, but I took it anyway.

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?

A. The Deisel Cafe

Q. If you were a flavor of an ice cream, what flavor would you be?

A. An all time Chocolate

Q. Your weirdest quirks?

A. I have an OCD with emails and word documents. The capital letters and punctuation always has to be correct.

Q. What would you do on Mars for fun?

A. I would jump against gravity

Q. On a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?

A. 6 I think. If you asked my wife she'll give me a -10

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?

A. I prefer having one to one and a half hours, sipping coffee, reading my newspaper. It's my "me" time

**DR. RAJESH G**

Q. What compliment do people give you the most?

A. They are few and far apart. But it's mostly that I'm not very strict with students.

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?

A. I don't understand fashion in general. Also that short dresses cost more. I don't understand the concept.

Q. What is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?

A. I have failed in MDS exams

Q. Have you ever cheated on a test?

A. I've helped others but I never had the guts to copy myself.

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?

A. A place where there's nobody, with greenery and peace

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?

A. I'm a very peaceful and non-violent person. I think words are enough

Q. What is the one thing that you're afraid of?

A. I'm scared of heights. And my wife

Q. What do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?

A. Quality, definitely.

Q. What is the one thing you're the most conscious about?

A. I have a long nose passed on to me by my ancestors.

Q. What do your friends and family know you as?

A. Raaj, naamtohsuna hi hoga? Raajanna.

Q. Do you like your handwriting?

A. Nope

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?

A. My special talent is that I don't have one. But I do take pride in my writing.



Q. High point of life  
A. The birth of my son

Q. Low point of life  
A. When I loved somebody and didn't know tht??????

Q. Best thing about being a professor  
A. You always stay young when you interact with young people.

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken  
A. nothing much so far

Q. what song describes your current state of mind?  
A.

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?  
A. Kudla

Q. If you were a flavor of an ice cream, what flavor would you be?  
A. I always prefer butterscotch.

Q. Your weirdest quirks?  
A. My short temper

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?  
A.

Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?  
A. 7

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?  
A. Ten minutes

Q. what compliment do people give you the most?  
A.

**DR. ANAND**

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?  
A.

Q. what is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?  
A. I failed physiology during BDS. Yes, ive cheated on a test

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?  
A. Chikmaglur

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?  
A. A gun

Q. what is the one thing that you're afraid of?  
A.

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?  
A. Quality

Q. What is the one thing you're the most conscious about?  
A. My glasses

Q. what do your friends and family know you as?  
A. My grandparents have always called my Raja

Q. Do you like your handwriting?  
A. yes

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?  
A. That im always silent.





Q. High point of life  
A. Birth of my daughter

Q. Best thing about being a professor  
A. You get to interact with the youngsters

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?  
A. Kobe sizzlers

Q. If you were a flavour of an ice cream, what flavour would you be?  
A. Chikku

Q. Your weirdest quirks?  
A. That I don't express much

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?  
A. Probably dance weirdly as there's no one to watch me

Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?  
A. 8

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?  
A. Half an hour

Q. what compliment do people give you the most?  
A. That im cool. Also that im pretty.

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?  
A. Colouring their hair. Especially on the ends.

Q. what is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?  
A. I have gotten bad marks during 9th and 10th. I have cheated during school life.

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?  
A. I'd go to my hometown in Kerala.

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?  
A. A gun. I feel like shooting the traffic sometimes

Q. what is the one thing that you're afraid of?  
A. Spiders

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?  
A. Quality

**DR. DEEPA KAMATH**

Q. Do you like your handwriting?  
A. Yes

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?  
A. My cooking







Q. High point of life

A. Joining Manipal University

Q. Low point of life

A. Not much. Probably not going abroad as many times as I would have liked

Q. Best thing about being a professor

A. Quite a few things. Meeting different kinds of students, learning new things. It's a wonderful profession.

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken

A. Probably my marriage, which was arranged.

Q. what song describes your current state of mind?

A. Ikataru

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?

A. Maya International

Q. If you were a flavor of an ice cream, what flavor would you be?

A. Chiku

Q. Your weirdest quirks?

A. I'm a very inquisitive and curious person. Even when things don't affect me, I need to know them.

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?

A. I can keep hopping in the low gravity

Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?

A. 11

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?

A. 5-10 minutes

Q. what compliment do people give you the most?

A. That I have a pleasant nature and a nice smile

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?

A. In females, streaking their hair too much and in males, keeping too much of a beard though I myself am guilty of it.

Q. what is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?

A. Oh ive cheated many time. And got low scores in Kannada

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?

A. Amsterdam

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?

A. I Think words are enough

Q. what is the one thing that you're afraid of?

A. snakes

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?

A. Quality

Q. What is the one thing you're the most conscious about?

A. If im hurting a person

Q. what do your friends and family know you as?

A. Junna

Q. Do you like your handwriting?

A. I don't think theres anyone in the world who likes it

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?

A. I think im good at writing. I tend to write about my inner feeling, my adventures.

**DR. JUNAID AHMED**





Q. High point of life

A. Joining MCODES, as iman alumni from here

Q. Low point of life

A. Life has given me more than what ive wanted always, so I don't think ive been through one.

Q. Best thing about being a professor

A. I love this subject, so I love instilling a love for my subject among my students

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken

A. Getting into academics

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?

A. Woodlands

**DR. NEETA SHETTY**

Q. If you were a flavor of an ice cream, what flavor would you be?

A. Chocolate

Q. Your weirdest quirks?

A. I think I double check everything

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?

A. Maybe ill just start counting backwards

Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?

A. 7 or 8

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?

A. Forty five minutes, max

Q. what compliment do people give you the most?

A. That I never put on weight

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?

A. Not coming nicely dressed to college. They look so dressed up in the evening, why not to college?

Q. what is the lowest score you've ever received on a test?

A. I once borderline passed dental materials.

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?

A. Russia or maybe to my native village

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?

A. A pen knife. Or our dental instruments I think

Q. what is the one thing that you're afraid of?

A. Dogs

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?

A. Quality of life

Q. What is the one thing you're the most conscious about?

A. My speech

Q. what do your friends and family know you as?

A. Im an introvert to a certain extent

Q. Do you like your handwriting?

A. yes I do







Q. High point of life

A. I don't believe in highs and lows. I tend to have a very positive outlook about everything

Q. Low point of life

A. I'm a positive person I try to see the Brightside of things!

Q. Best thing about being a professor

A. You get to stay in touch with the subject, something that doesn't happen if you go into full time practice

Q. Biggest risk you have ever taken

A. I'm risk averse

Q. Best food place in Mangalore?

A. It was Mainland China, now it is Sizzler Ranch

Q. If you were a flavour of an ice cream, what flavour would you be?

A. Coconut

Q. Your weirdest quirks?

A. I generally tend to sleep very early

Q. what would you do on mars for fun?

A. What can you do on Mars?

Q. on a scale of 1-10, how cool are you?

A. 6 or 7

Q. How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?

A. Max 15 minutes

Q. what compliment do people give you the most?

A. that I am very professional

Q. What is the one fashion trend amongst students that you just don't understand?

A. I don't know why people would have tattoos

Q. If you could teleport yourself to any location right now, where would you go and why?

A. Singapore

Q. What would be your weapon of choice?

A. I'm not a violent person

Q. what do you prefer, the quantity of life, or the quality of life?

A. Both

Q. what do your friends and family know you as?

A. I'd rather keep that private (haha)

Q. Do you like your handwriting?

A. It could be better

Q. What do you consider as your special talent?

A. I used to be very good at quizzing

**DR. SIDDARTH SHETTY**







Q. What would be a high point of your life?

A. Birth of my first baby.

Q. What would be the low point of your life?

A. At the moment, nothing that comes to my mind.

Q. What is the best thing about being a professor?

A. You get to interact with students.

Q. What's the biggest risk you've ever taken?

A. When I'd put all of my money into my practice. That's the biggest risk I've ever taken.

Q. What song describes your current state of mind?

A. "Love you zindagi" from 'Dear Zindagi'.

Q. What's your favorite food place in Mangalore?

A. Sizzler Ranch.

Q. If you could be a flavor of Ice-cream what would you be?

A. Butterscotch.

Q. What would be your weirdest personality trait?

A. I think I'm very stubborn. If something is in my head that's it, I'll not consider anything else.

Q. If you were stranded on Mars, what would you try to do for fun?

A. I think I'd practice dentistry.

Q. On a scale of 1 to 10, how cool are you?

A. I'll put a 5.

Q. How long does it take for you to get ready in the morning?

A. I really don't spend any time in dressing. So maybe five minutes.

Q. What compliment do people give you the most?

A. I'm quite patient with my patients.

Q. One fashion trend you just don't get among students.

I don't like very odd hair-styles.

Q. What is the lowest score you've ever got in a test?

A. It happened when I was much smaller. I'd got 2 out of 100 in Mathematics.

Q. Have you ever cheated on a test?

A. Of course, yes. Probably in school.

Q. If you could teleport to a place where would you go?

A. Bombay, because that's my home-place.

Q. If you could choose a weapon to defend yourself or kill someone, what would you choose?

A. I'll let the pen be my soul, I'll write about something. I'm not a very violent person.

Q. One thing you're afraid of?

A. I'm afraid of heights.

Q. Quality or quantity of life?

Quality of life, because it's better to live well than to live long.

Q. What's the one thing you're most conscious about yourself?

A. I'm always conscious about my poor dressing style.

Q. What do your friends or family call you?

A. Shobhi.

Q. Do you like your handwriting?

Yes, I do.

Q. What would you say is your special talent or a passion?

A. I used to read a lot of books, but recently haven't been able to give much time to it.

**DR. SHOBHA RODRIGUEZ**



# WORDS WITH THE JAM MASTER

With his mesmerizing music on YouTube- Tushar Lall, producer-composer, won hearts of millions world-wide appearing on YouTube Fanfest not long after. He pioneered composing indianised versions of popular western music along with background scores of many like The Game of Thrones and The Pirates of the Caribbean. The Game of Thrones Indian rendition of his won him over 1 lakh subscribers (and counting) with 1.2 million views on his very first video through his brainchild The Indian Jam Project. Many covers of his own classical covers were seen with the sudden spread of indian classical music in the Indian Youtube community- the same being his goal with The Indian Jam Project; spreading his ideas through Youtube and TED in many colleges, Manipal University being one of them where I had the chance to meet him. After doing B.Comm he decided to take a musical path and here's a little look into how that came about to be

## **So what was and continues to be your inspiration to pursue music?**

"It's not really an inspiration for me. It's not something for which I have to look upto something, you know. It comes very naturally. So when I'm asked what made me choose music, I never chose music. It wasn't a choice, it's all I could do."

## **Bringing me to my next question as mentioned in one of your TED talks-art needs a lot of discipline and a lot of hardwork that people don't tend to talk about, and it's something that happens automatically as an artist's heart leads him to it**

"Very true, it's never like that. I appreciate artists being shown as intellectual knowledgeable people, like rockstars but they never show the hardwork. If you ever watch a documentary on these people (artists), they will never show them practicing and if they do it's not given that much importance. It definitely needs to start happening. People need to understand that art requires a lot of discipline. You can't go sit by a river and (expect) inspiration will come to you."







**Art has become an adjective unintentionally closely associated with being a certain kind of person instead of portraying what it really is, instead of showcasing creativity**

"It does come, the dreamy part should stay attached to it, but there's a lot of work behind it, so you should keep that in mind"

**Having said that, you yourself always knew what you wanted to do, do you think that is a large contributing factor to your success?**

"I think I worked hard but I had no clue I was working hard. For me it was messing with my instruments and playing and tinkering with stuff and playing my piano and messing around with notes. So it was more like- as if I was playing with Lego blocks. But I had no clue I was working hard but I'm glad that's what hardwork is because I can do that forever and ever"

**Piano is one instrument your audience knows you love to play, but you have worked with many others, so what is your favourite instrument and why?**

Piano is definitely an instrument that I can play but it's not my favourite. My favourite instrument would be either Shehnai or Sarangi. Now I'm very deeply attached to Indian Classical music and Sarangi is one instrument that it's as close as it can get to your vocal cords. It's literally a representation of Indian Classical vocal cords, it's as if someone's singing. Between the notes you can do a lot of things. So on a piano you can't do a continuous thing, there will be a break in between whereas in a Sarangi you can do a lot of things in between and I'm really connected to that"

**So what's your goal with The Indian Jam Project?**

"Indian Jam Project is just a platform, it's just one of my projects and the point is to keep making interpretations of Hollywood scores and even songs like fix you (by Coldplay) worked beautifully so maybe do Stairway to heaven, or Hotel California or something like that.

How Indian Jam started was that I was a big Game of Thrones fan and obviously I was surrounded by Indian classical people so my disposition was towards both the genres so I thought I could make an arrangement and luckily I had friends (whom) I called and I wrote their parts and we played the parts and because the concept was so fresh and no one else was doing it so I think I was the first mover so it hit and it blew up. Then I thought- since background scores is such a big field and there's a lot that I can do, so I just went on with it."

**So you started out as a simple Game of Thrones fan with a predisposition towards music and this is what has become of it today?**

"As a musician you keep messing around with stuff and figuring out new tunes so I thought- what if you make Game of Thrones Indian? So I wrote the flute part, I wrote what was necessary and we played that and then Buzzfeed, Pepsi, MTV- they started sharing it and people thought- woah, this is new in the scene and I thought no one else is doing it so might as well continue

What makes me happy is that now a lot of people are doing it and Indian classical instruments are getting pushed forward. That was the whole idea behind it (The Indian Jam Project); doing it in the first place so that you could throw some light onto Indian classical instruments"

**You've clearly already achieved what you wanted to, so congratulations on that. The next thing being, as you mentioned in your talk at TEDx, Manipal University- there's a lot of obstacles an artist faces, monetary obstacles being primary to it. Like being an artist is a hobby, it cannot be a job.**

"I've seen this everywhere. Because immediately when you hear music you think- because it's their hobby and they have a corporate job they think that it's going to be everyone's hobby. So the second they hear that someone's playing a guitar they think- "sure he's playing for fun but what is he actually doing in life?" and that's just a very harsh way of treating music. It shouldn't be like that definitely and it's not their fault. I mean, it's how subconsciously the thoughts have been inculcated inside their heads since they were kids. I think the better educated we are about this, the better it's going to be"

As interviewed by  
Srishty Pundir





# Souvenir Stop

Take away the banshees, the regrets of yore

Blossoming unto small curve of lips

Take away the faces, take away the bloops

Blossoming unto silent tears grown old

Take away the masks, take away the touch

Blossoming unto a yearning cry for hug

Take away the memories, take away the magic

Blossoming unto the eternal no more





Batch of 2016





Batch of 2015





Batch of 2014





Batch of 2013





Batch of 2012





*Heads of the Departments*

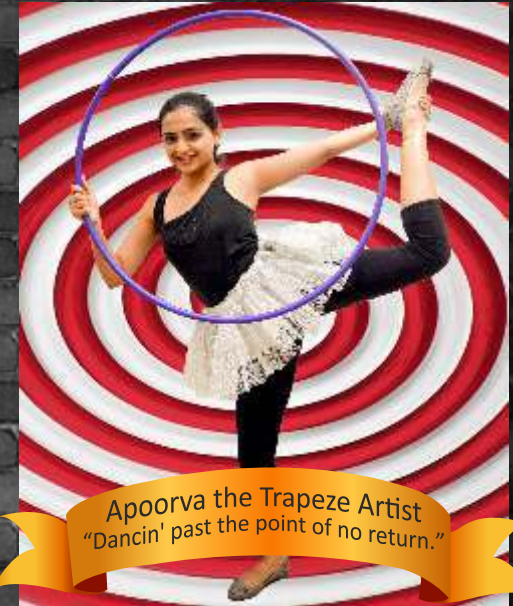
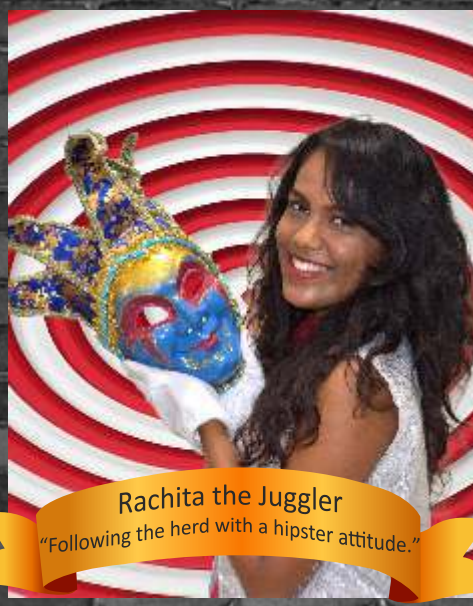


# THE TROUPE

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Somya the Band Leader  
"I find one-line descriptions restrictive."



Ruksar the Candy-girl  
"I'm like a grenade made of ceramic – solid and dense and cold, but still fragile."



Aiman the Soothsayer  
"My life is serendipity at it's finest."



Siddharth the Sorcerer  
"With a mind that ticks like a clock, and like a clock it often goes cuckoo."



Sunaina the Knife-Thrower  
"An open book with encrypted words"



# Who in one answers keys

2016

Left to Right

Row – 1

Purva and Christina  
Mahalakshmi and Parul  
Aishwarya and Mridula  
Vani Manasa and Manpreeth  
Mahima and Angelica  
Kumar Yash and Kartik Nagpal

Row – 2

Kripa and Damini  
Kochuthresi and Himali  
Kiran and Archana  
Kaveesha and Kiran Baheti  
Bharath and Kannan  
Rupesh and Jason

Row – 3

Harika and Rajeshwari  
Bagmayee and Gayatri Palkar  
Gautham and Akhil  
Devika and Anila  
Debapriya and Vyshnevi  
Debangana and Aiman

Row – 4

Anurag Mohapatra and Anurag Kamal  
Amrit and Akhil  
Amrita and Drisya  
Prachi and Akshara  
Ayushma and Sreya Sinha  
Shasshank and Yash Musale

Row – 5

Vidisha and Saptami  
Veralika and Vennela  
Karthik Suresh and Vedant  
Shubham Prince and Tusheel  
Tsaimin and Shubham Sharma  
Swathy and Smriti

Row – 6

Subhshree and Mansa Pujari  
Rachana and Srinija  
Sreya Dutta and Reeti  
Shilpa and Divya  
Shefali Singh and Tamanna  
Shefali Roy and Maria

Row- 7

Samreen and Smiti  
Shatakshi and Akanksha  
Saranya and Priyanka  
Nilisha and Samikhya  
Deepa and Saisoumya  
Sadheeka and Nimalka

Row – 8

Shama and Ruksar  
Ritu and Gayatri Bakhshi  
Sara and Samanvitha  
Reena and Satrupa  
Reshmi and Lipika  
Rajat and Koustav

2015

Left to right

Row - 1

Krishna Priya and Shilpa  
Karen and Vaidhegi  
Deeksha and Jewel  
Akash Yuvan and Jareer  
Aarthi and Isha

Aditya and Narasimha

Row – 2

Harsh and Saurav  
Harshhan and Shubham Kumar  
Hamsini and Preeti  
Ashish and Gaurav Rawat  
Elina and Farheen  
Dharitri and Ashwathy

Row – 3

Bharath and Gaurav Chaudhary  
Bhabhna and Ritu  
Ayshwarya and Ruchita  
Arunima and Sanjana  
Aparna and Saagarika  
Anshita and Anwasha

Row – 4

Ananya and Tanupriya  
Aakash Jain and Sam  
Abhinav and Anirudh  
Umang and Saurav  
Tarinee and Vidushi  
Srishti Magon and Sumedha

Row – 5

Somya and Sreejeeta  
Kevin and Singham  
Lokesh and Siddhant  
Chandrika and Shubhangi Gupta  
Shubham Agarwal and Sunny  
Mrinal and Shrishty Bhardwaj  
Sthithika and

Row – 6

Shriya Garg and Shrishti Jain  
Shreya Mishra and Sanskriti  
Shohini and Vaishnavi  
Anju and Saloni  
Madhu and Roopa  
Manisha and Ritvi  
Shreya and Kriti Goyal  
Row - 7

Radhika and Stuti  
Pooja and Sriparna  
Aayush and Nithin  
Niharicka and Shubhangi Behl  
Basith and Mudit  
Meghana and Nivedha  
Shaleen and Maitree  
Row – 8

Megha and Sanchari  
Maithreye and Tuhin  
Mahima Mishra and Mahima Sitaram  
Kriti Shankar and Maitree  
Akriti and Manasvi  
Ayan and Soham





Left to right

## 2014

Row 1  
Ann and Saranya  
Sheethal and Ananya Babbar  
Tanya Anshu and Anahita  
Achsah and Krishna  
Ashutosh and Abhinav  
Aparna and Varsha

Row 2  
Tanvi and Anushri  
Minu and Sunayana Peddi  
Sunanda and Rhea  
Suhani and Sushmitha  
Srishty and Ashmita  
Srikrishna and Abhijith

Row 3  
Souvik and Asadur  
Siddharth and Lalitya  
Sunayana Bhatnagar and Shweta  
Yash and Shreyansh  
Kopal and Shivani  
Shivangini and Ranal

Row 4  
Shambhavi and Ananya Mishra  
Nishtha and Shalini  
Shaiqua and Rupsa  
Somya and Sanjna  
Srishti Roy and Isha  
Baani and Rashi

Row 5  
Tanya Kohli and Rachana  
Pritam and Pratik  
Sunaina Shyam and Praseeda  
Pragya and Rajpriya  
Paavas and Supriya  
Sarthak and Nilay

Row 6  
Shashank and Nikhil  
Niharika and Lekshmi  
Anushtha and Neha  
Mohita and Prerana  
Ananjana and Srishti Mantri  
Sagnik and Krish

Row 7  
Kiran and Madhura  
Kunal and Kanishk  
Meenakshi and Kamakshi  
Pratish and Jaivrat  
Bidushi and Ghazala  
Shourya and Divye

Row 8  
Dilgvi Jay and Paras  
Debotri and Sreedatree  
Saahil and Ayussh  
Avi and Aditi  
Amritha and Arundhati  
Arubarna and Shraddha  
Annapoorna and Tejitha

## 2013

ROW 1  
Aarti + Chelsea  
Tanya + Apoorva Anand  
Ansu + Shikha  
Nikita + Ann  
Aman + Parth  
Viral + Akhil

ROW 2  
Ananthu + Adityanarayan  
Dhruv Rao + Adarsh  
Sparsh + Aakash  
Aakanksha + Tyssi  
Suhrudwamshi + Anusha  
Suhina + Arshia

ROW 3  
Simran + Shefali  
Avinash + Shubham  
Chirag + Ananth  
Kavinci + Shihana  
Sharmishtha + Kavitha  
Shambhavi + Juhi Joshy

ROW 4  
Shalini + Munazza  
Lye + Chong  
Sankalp + Jaden  
Sandhya + Alisha  
Asiya + Sakshi  
Prayaga + Shweta

ROW 5  
Pinkle + Suprathima  
Nitin + Ranjan  
Shivangi + Nilina  
Natasha + Samrina  
Yashodhra + Mohana  
Mahima + Archana

ROW 6  
Apoorva + Lijji  
Karthik + Nihal  
Juhi Aswani + Rachel  
Devika + Hui Jun  
Huini + Jenny Ling  
Fiona + Nivya

ROW 7  
Rathika + Femitha  
Eunice +  
Eden + Ananya  
Dhruv Garg + Dhiraj  
Birti + Harshita  
Astha Moza + Shreya HR

ROW 8  
Astha Todi + Aashna Roy  
Ashwathy + Amulya  
Ashna Joe + Himanshi  
Irene + Simran  
Syubli + Sameer  
Nilormi + Rica



# Interns

## ROW 1

Rachita + Shantana  
Arunima + Lavanya  
Vandana + Sneha  
Hemanth + Lavesha  
Greeshma + Hansi  
Harshit + Ajith + Mior  
Sukanya + Subhalakshmi Acharya

## ROW 2

Abhinab + Hussain  
Vibhuthi + Shreepriya  
Shreya Sengupta + Pallak  
Mrinalini + Lakshmi Anandan  
Swarnav + Sanchit  
Ashish + Anish  
Shreya Shah + Shikha

## ROW 3

Karishma Mohanani + Ashka  
Urmi + Trapti  
Subhalakshmi + Sukanya  
Miriam Ann + Antara  
Shana + Shavari  
Jagriti + Arpita  
Jyotsna + Mehak

## ROW 4

Tosin + Saksham  
Rupa Ambrose + Surabhi Soumya  
Anjali + Amoli  
Shruti Panicker + Shibani  
Ilma + Fatihah  
Rajkumar + Sanjay  
Sreeparna + Shruti Ch

## ROW 5

Rainie +  
Ashok + Kushan  
Sneha Bajoria + Shruti Balasubramaniam  
Karishma Matthew + Devika  
Ananya + Devyani  
Karishma Mohanani + Aashka  
Aryan + Manish

## ROW 6

Rahul + Sourav  
Aastha + Ann Sales  
Aditi + Adillah  
Madhura + Keerthana  
Minal + Gayathri  
Mahashweta + Archana Krishna  
Amal + Anirudh

## ROW 7

Abhipsha + Juvita  
Ria + Sana  
Aswathi + Aashna Gill  
Nupur + Simonne  
Mrinalini + Lakshmi Anandan  
Sanjeevani + Pallavi  
Shafiq + Subhash Jha

## ROW 8

Sanchitha + Namitha





With this page, we bring Carnivalia 2017 to closure.

We express our heartfelt gratitude to...

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